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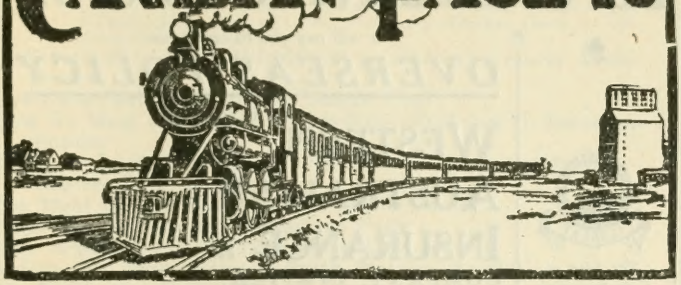

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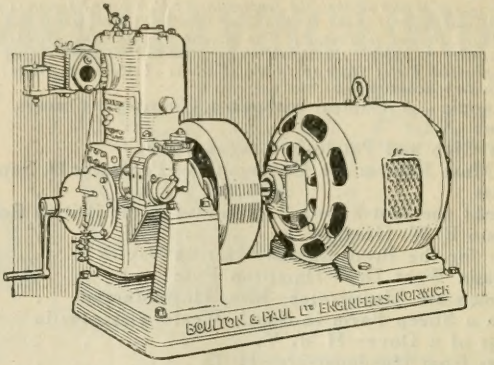

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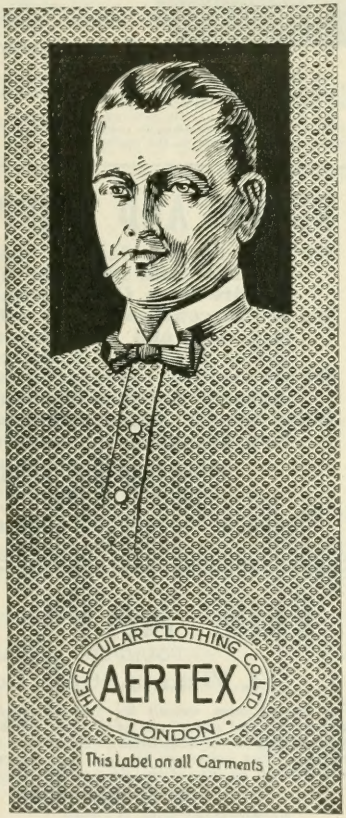

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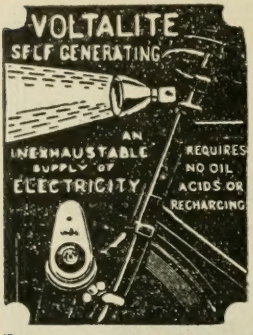

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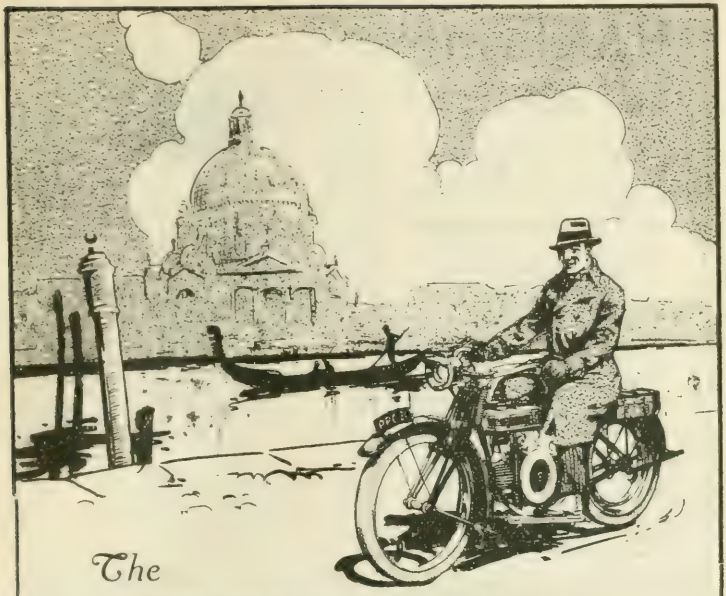

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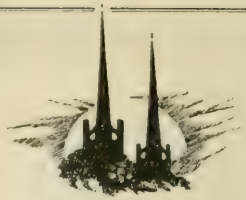

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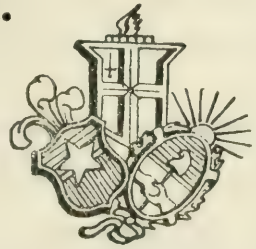

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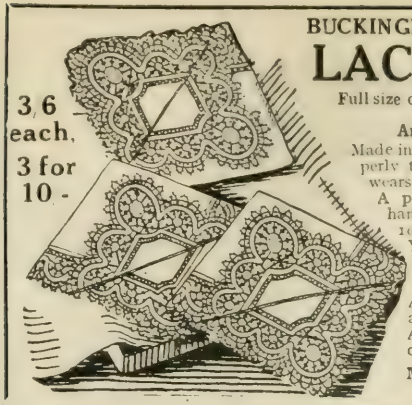

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GENERAL BUILDINGS ALDWYCH LONDON

Vol. V. No. 49. February, 1920.

My Monthly Letter

By E. W.

My Monthly Letter.

HE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE OLD IMPERIALISM.—The speech made by the Prince of Wales at the Mansion House the other day, when he was officially welcomed home by the Lord Mayor of London and a large and distinguished gathering, was well worthy of an historic occasion. Every one who was present realised to the full some of the secret of the Prince's success across the Atlantic and how much he has learnt in the art of public speaking in Canada and the United States. Certainly his audience was convinced that none of his speeches contained more good common sense than that to which they were privileged to listen. Nothing could have been more happy than the phrase in which the Prince referred to the great change which has gradually taken place in the constitution of the British Empire. "The old idea of an Empire handed down from Greece and Rome," said the Prince, "was that of the mother country surrounded by daughter states which owed allegiance to her. Now the Britishers have left that obsolete idea behind a long time ago. Our Empire implies a partnership of free nations. (Cheers.) Nations living in the same system of law, pursuing the same democratic aims, and actuated by the same human ideals. The British Empire is thus something far greater than an Empire in the old sense of the term. And it is the younger nations—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India—who are now universally recognised as nations by the fact that they are signatories to the Peace Treaties which they fought so magnificently to secure." (Cheers.) After dealing with the world status of the British Commonwealth the Prince ended up with a few words of warning on our social and industrial problems.

"A FAIR SPORTING CHANCE."—To the readers of "Overseas" who have always put the creation of a really co-operative Common-

My Monthly Letter.

wealth in the forefront of their activities these words of the Prince of Wales will make a special appeal :—

> "We did our duty quietly and thoroughly as a nation in the War. What is our duty now? It is this—to show the world that we can work at adjusting our social, economic, and industrial problems with general fairness and sympathy, striving wholeheartedly towards one goal. That goal is happier conditions of life, and to ensure that every man and woman in the country may enjoy the just proceeds of his or her labours, and that every child born into the country may have a fair sporting chance." (Applause.)

OFFICIAL FIGURES OF BRITISH WAR EFFORT.—I am frequently asked by correspondents to give the exact figures as to the British war effort, and I gladly comply. The figures are taken from the recent statement published by the Government. The following table shows the total of men furnished by each section of the Empire :—

British Isles	5,704,416
Canada	640,886
Australia	416,809
New Zealand	220,099
South Africa	136,070
India	1,401,350
Other Colonies	134,837

Much discussion has been centred in the relative strengths of the British and American forces in France during the last six months of the War. In comparing these figures the British campaign in Palestine must be remembered, for in our Eastern Expeditionary Force an average of 400,000 men were employed during 1918 in addition to 80,000 combatants on the Italian Front. The defeat of the Turks and the capture of 85,000 prisoners in Palestine was, of course, effected by the British alone.

The total British and American troops in France during 1918, including non-combatants, but excluding coloured labour services, was as under :—

	British.	American.
March 11th	1,828,098	245,000
April 1st	1,667,701	319,000
September 23rd	1,752,829	1,641,000
November 11th	1,731,578	1,924,000

In this table may be seen (1), the depletion of the British ranks due to the German offensive of March 21st ; and (2), the increase—especially of the American forces—due to the hastening of reinforcements to the Western Front.

OVERSEAS

My Monthly Letter.

The captures of prisoners and guns in France during the victorious offensive against the German army between July 18th and November 11th were as follow :—

	Prisoners.	Guns.
British Armies	200,000	2,540
French Armies	135,720	1,880
American Armies	43,300	1,421
Belgian Armies	14,500	474

The final and revised casualty figures are as follow :—

	Approximate killed, died of wounds, died.
British Isles	662,083
Canada	56,119
Australia	58,460
New Zealand	16,132
South Africa	6,928
India	47,746
Other Colonies	3,649

It is with no desire to indulge in vainglorious boasting that I give these figures in "Overseas," but in fairness to the memory of the men who have "gone west" it is desirable that the correct figures of the British effort should be placed on record.

A TALK ABOUT THIS LETTER.—Occasionally I receive letters from Members of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League expressing a desire to resign from our ranks because they disagree with some of the sentiments expressed in my monthly letter. During the first week of the New Year I received two letters on the subject of Ireland. One from an Irishman who said he was beginning to lose faith in

One of the wonderful war buses, which were sent to the front from the London Streets, back at its old job. On a plate at the side is given a list o the places where it played its part in the battle. This plate, enlarged, is shown at the top of the picture.

My Monthly Letter.

the British Empire and was afraid he could no longer remain a Member, and beseeching me to advocate the cause of Ireland more wholeheartedly, and another from an Englishman, who remarked that he was disgusted with my advocacy of Dominion Home Rule for Ireland and consequently desired to resign his Membership. These two letters—and they are but typical of others which I receive from time to time—have inspired me to write a few words to you on the subject of my monthly letter and to explain to you my point of view.

The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League has, of course, nothing to say to party politics, and the views expressed in " Overseas " are those of the writer of each article. My monthly letter does not claim to be the considered opinion of the Central Council of our society, for the very good reason that many of its Members hold diametrically opposite views. What I aim at in these notes is to give you a monthly letter from the heart of the Empire by one who is familiar with all the Dominions, who is attached to no party and whose one desire is to give the readers of " Overseas " a survey of some of the chief problems of the day as they appear to the writer. The opinions expressed are entirely my own. My letter is that of a friend in London to friends overseas, at least that is what it aims at.

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.—To endeavour to provide a monthly article which would fit in with the opinions of all my readers would be a hopeless task, for our subscribers include Members of every party and creed to be found in the Empire, and I have no intention of essaying the impossible. Many of my readers probably disagree with some of my reflections on current happenings and they are as entitled to their views as I am to mine. But just because we may not always see eye to eye that does not mean that we are any the less friends or that our allegiance to the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League is impaired. I believe that this monthly letter is of service to you just in so far as it is a perfectly frank statement from a friend who has no party ties and who has no axe to grind. Judging by the delightful letters I receive from my friends overseas I believe you are of the same opinion.

If I were to attempt the task of providing you with a milk and water summary of current events, such as would offend none of my readers, I should have to eschew such topics as Ireland, India, Egypt, prohibition, nationalisation of mines and railways, and so on. In fact I should never be on safe ground except when writing platitudes and all the really vital things would have to be left severely alone. One of the chief assets of " Overseas " is that it is an independent organ of opinion which says fearlessly what it believes needs saying. Vested interests, party caucus, capitalist or labour press have no power to make us deviate from our course, for " Overseas " rests on the enduring foundations of co-operation and mutual goodwill.

At the beginning of another year " Overseas," which is not yet

My Monthly Letter.

five years old, sets out on its journey with redoubled energy and renewed confidence. Since February last year we have increased our circulation by 50 per cent. Our magazine is a lasting monument to the principle of co-operation in journalism, for "Overseas" belongs to its readers and its one aim is the service of the community. With your help we can double our circulation in 1920 and thereby take one more step up the ladder towards our dreams of a reader in every home throughout the Empire and in every British home in foreign lands.

THE RECENT BY-ELECTIONS.—The return of the Labour candidate for the Spen Valley in the person of Mr. Tom Myers is probably one of the Labour Party's greatest triumphs and has focussed public attention on the great headway the Labour vote has made recently in by-elections. In the last three elections the votes polled are as follows :—

Labour	30,947
Coalition	28,903
Liberal	12,718

The opponents of Labour have been endeavouring to stir up their followers to the dangers of a Labour Government, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who never lacks courage, has boldly thrown down the gauntlet to British labour by stating at Sunderland at the beginning of the month that the Labour Party is at the present moment "quite unfitted for the responsibility of government." Mr. Churchill's attack has brought forth many replies from the champions of labour. Mr. H. G. Wells gives his views :—

"A Labour majority will have no difficulty in finding capable

A view of the house of Bemersyde which, together with the estate, is to be an Empire gift to Earl Haig. This is the ancestral estate of his forefathers, and some 800 years ago it was prophesied "Tide what betide, Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde."

My Monthly Letter.

and enthusiastic Ministers and loyal support from honest men of any class. Labour can give us a Government far more capable and infinitely more trustworthy than the Coalition."

From the standpoint of the ordinary mortal there is no reason why a Labour Government should not be just as good as any other, and if a majority of the electors in this country decides during the next four or five years to vote Labour the average man will be all for giving the Labour Party a run for its money. Statements like Mr. Churchill's can do his cause no good, for there is no earthly reason why men of the type of Arthur Henderson, J. R. Clynes, J. H. Thomas, J. O'Grady, should not make just as good a Cabinet as the members of the present Coalition. There are, of course, fire-eaters and extremists in all parties, but British Labour, as a whole, has a record of patriotic service to the community of which no party need be ashamed.

LOOKING EASTWARDS.—Our thoughts have been turned eastwards to an exceptional degree during the past few weeks. First, there have been the almost daily reports in the Press of the doings of the Milner Commission in Egypt. Secondly, the revelations of the Hunter Committee as to the deplorable happenings at Amritsar on April 13th last when 2,000 casualties were inflicted by British and Indian forces on an unarmed mob in the Punjab. Thirdly, the discussion which has been taking place in the Press as to the future of Mesopotamia. As regards the first, comment would at the moment be inopportune and we must hold our souls in patience. Suffice it to say that judging by the latest reports prospects of a settlement appear to be more favourable at Cairo and it would seem that moderating councils are gaining ground. The Over-Seas Club has a special interest in the personnel of the Milner Commission, for several of its Members are warm supporters of our society.

Poy, in the London Evening News.

"O wad some Power the gittie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

WINSTON: "You couldn't wear a hat like this; it would make you look so silly."

In a recent speech Mr. Winston Churchill declared that the Labour Party, at present, are "quite unfitted for responsible government."

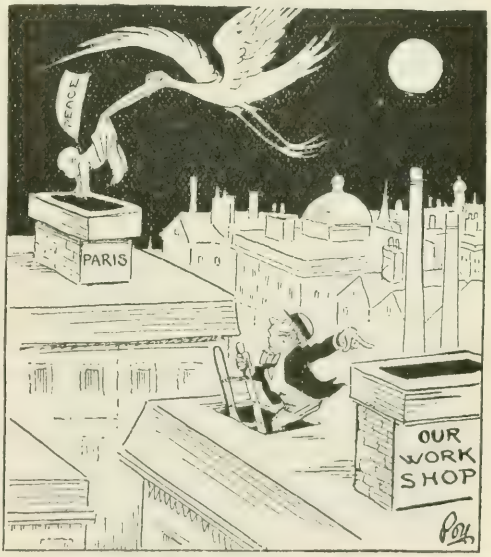
Concerning that terrible day at Amritsar last April, perhaps at the moment the wisest course is

My Monthly Letter.

silence until the findings of the Commission are published. Certainly no event within the Empire of late years has so profoundly affected British public opinion. One cannot but regret that this ghastly business should tend to obscure the passing into law of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme, which is unquestionably one of the greatest political experiments ever made inside or outside the British Empire, and shows the world at large the one and only aim of the British Government is the granting of responsible government to the Indian people.

"COKKOS"—THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN "MESPOT."—On the day when one page of the *Times* contained some of the details of the Amritsar tragedy, on another appeared one of the most remarkable tributes ever paid to British rule. The special correspondent of the *Times* in the Middle East had a story to tell which must make all who believe that the British Commonwealth, despite its mistakes, stands for justice, order and good government, feel proud that they are Britons. The British Administration addressed three questions to the people of the Basra and Baghdad vilayets as to the form of rule they desired in future. Were they in favour of an Arab State under British tutelage in Irak? If so, did they consider the new State should be placed under a titular Arab head? And lastly, whom did they suggest as Emir? With the exception of two minority representations complete unanimity prevails in Irak. No Arab ruler is desired by the people. There is one man and one man only whom the natives of Mesopotamia desire to rule over them—"Cokkos," as Sir Percy Cox, at present British Minister in Persia, the best known and most popular man of any race or creed in Irak, is affectionately termed.

ARAB TRIBUTE TO BRITISH RULE.—In the space at my disposal I can only give three extracts from the petition of the tribal sheikhs and notables. Perused in their entirety they are a wonderful tribute to British rule. The first is the concluding sentence from the memorandum presented by 271 notables of Nasiriyah :—



Pol, London Evening News.

"PLEASE MR. STORK."

JOHN CITIZEN: "Hi! Couldn't you drop another one of those down here?"

My Monthly Letter.

"Our last request, which is the most important one, is that the affairs of the Irak may kindly be managed by his Honour Sir Percy Cox, whom we love from the bottom of our hearts, and from whom during this War we have experienced nothing but justice, kindness, benevolence, and perfect goodness, which, of course, are the essential requisites of good and sound administration. We request the British Government to return him to us and to our brethren of Irak. We cannot adequately express our appreciation for his love and sympathy for the Arab nation. We rely, in this matter, upon the justice of the British Government."

Here is an extract from a petition, similar to many others from 400 notables, merchants, cultivators and other inhabitants of the Hillah district :—

"We select the British Government as our ruler. We do not desire to have any other Government over us, as we are sure of her justice, her excellent administration, and her kind treatment of her subjects, and because she has no objection to the religions of the people and their creeds. We request the British Government to have the whole country of Irak, from Basra to Mosul, as one vilayet. There should not be different vilayets. We should like Sir Percy Cox to be appointed as Governor of the whole vilayet, as we are sure of his excellent administration and general kind treatment, and his thorough acquaintance with the circumstances of Irak."

At a time when enemies of the British Empire in all parts of the world are telling us in America, in Ireland, in Egypt, in India, and in the Old Country that British rule is an unholy thing and based on oppression, I like to turn to the quaint wording of the petitions of the Arabs of Irak who demand nothing better than to live under British rule.

HATS OFF TO MR. WALTON.—If a census were taken of the voters in the British Isles and the self-governing Dominions on the question "should no further titles be conferred" I am convinced that there would be an overwhelming reply in the affirmative. Certainly I am quite sure that among the readers of "Overseas" the vast majority are of the opinion that service of one's fellows is sufficient reward in itself. We require no titles to tell us who have deserved well of their country and whom we should honour. I am glad to see that Mr. Sydney Walton, Director of Publicity for the last Victory Loan, who by the way is a member of the Over-Seas Club, has had the courage of his convictions and has just refused a knighthood. The dignified language of Mr. Walton's letter to Mr. Lloyd George deserves to be recorded :—

"It is not that I am insensitive to this prized distinction,"

writes Mr. Walton, "that I ask that His Majesty may graciously allow my name to be withdrawn from the New Year's list of honours. My Monthly Letter.

"The opportunity of doing work for the State in hours of shadow and stress has in itself been a distinction and reward. I feel that I am simply one of the great multitude who must rejoice when they can serve their country to the best of their lights and to the utmost of their powers, esteeming this privilege as indeed a prize.

"To perpetuate a community of service which is a legacy of the late years is a national ideal which appeals to me so deeply that I am sure His Majesty will not misunderstand a reluctance not to be removed and estranged from my fellows in pursuit of it, even by so much as an honoured prefix."

Mr. Walton in refusing to part with the glorious birthright of plain citizenship is certainly in great company. I can never look at Carlyle's letter to Lord Beaconsfield, preserved at the former's home at 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in which the seer of Ecclefechan refused a title without a thrill.

A MODERATE PARTY.—A new organisation called the Moderate Party has been publishing in the advertising columns of the Press an announcement concerning its programme, and certainly its objects are refreshingly novel from the standpoint of the existing order of things. I know nothing about the promoters of the Moderate Party, but whoever is responsible for the drawing-up of their three chief objects has given us plenty to think about. Here is the programme :

1. Refer Irish Problem to League of Nations.
2. Surrender to State of War Period Profits in excess of £10,000 in individual hands.
3. Surrender to State of all property in individual hands in excess of £100,000.

First Women Barristers.

Mrs. G. Thomson, who, together with Miss Helena Normanton, has been admitted as a student in Lincoln's Inn. In three years she should be a fully fledged barrister.

OVERSEAS

My Monthly Letter.

How the Moderate Party is destined to succeed is open to question, but there must be many people who feel that £100,000 should be enough for any individual ! Our profiteers, however, can hardly be expected to welcome these suggestions with enthusiasm.

A FEW BRITISH ACHIEVEMENTS.—Messrs. Rolls-Royce, in advertising the fact that the first flight to Australia was made with Rolls-Royce aero engines, which are, of course, British made, published a list of some of the British records in human achievement. Here is the list which the Rolls-Royce historian provides, and it is one which none of those who first saw the light of day in these " tight little islands " of ours set in the northern seas need be ashamed :—

Discoverer of vaccination : Jenner.
,, chloroform : Simpson.
,, circulation of blood : Harvey.
,, coal gas : Murdock.
,, distillation of paraffin oil : Young.
,, steam navigation : Bell.
,, electric telegraph : Cook-Wheatstone.

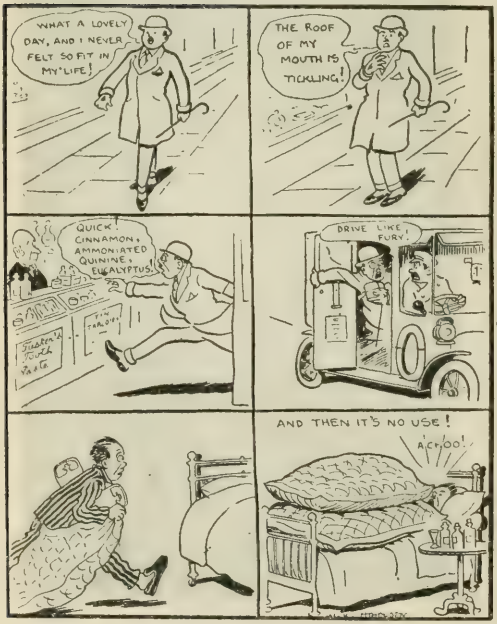
The discoveries of Newton, Darwin, Ross, Lister, Perkins.

First steam engine : Watt (British).
First dynamo : Faraday (British).
First locomotive : Stephenson (British).
First steam turbine : Parsons.

And the Rolls-Royce historian concludes his list of British achievement—

First direct Atlantic flight.
First flight England to Australia.

E. W.


WHAT A LOVELY DAY, AND I NEVER FELT SO FIT IN MY LIFE!
THE ROOF OF MY MOUTH IS TICKLING!
QUICK! CINNAMON! AMMONIATED QUININE! EUCALYPTUS!!
DRIVE LIKE FURY!
AND THEN IT'S NO USE!
A-CHOO!

Too Late! That Cold Again.

We wait to take preventive measures till our symptoms tell us they are urgently necessary, and then we find it is too late.

This is the tenth year of the Over-Seas Club's existence. Will you please help to make it a memorable one?

Constantinople, a Capital without a Country.

By Francis Yeats-Brown,
Author of "Caught by the Turks" (Arnold).

Constantinople, a Capital without a Country.

FOR four and a half centuries Constantinople has been held by the Turks, yet she is not a Turkish city. She has a character all her own. No one race can claim her. Seen in the long perspective of history, the peoples who have abided there seem merely travellers. Especially is this the case with regard to the Turks. In spite of their palaces and mosques, they have never taken root ; they still remain a nomad race.

In Anatolia, on the other hand, a true Ottoman patriotism may be said to exist ; there is kinship with the soil there, and a genuine feeling of nationality. But Constantinople is frankly cosmopolitan.

She is the courtesan of conquerors, a city with a heart as evil as her form is fair. The captains and the kings of history have wooed her, always to their own undoing. Andronic Comninus, for instance, the Byzantine Emperor who carried the sceptre through her streets amid the plaudits of her citizens, had his eyes put out a few years later by these same citizens, and, blinded and bleeding, was strapped backwards on a camel and led in derision through the streets of his triumph to meet a horrible death.

And in our own time, Enver Pasha, the idol of the mob in 1910, had to fly for his life in 1918 from an infuriated and starving populace, who would certainly have killed him if all the lights in the town had not been extinguished to favour his escape.

Such is the treatment that Constantinople gives to those who seek to be rulers by the Bosphorus.

She sapped the strength of the Roman Empire, she overthrew

A Panoramic View of Constantinople.

Constantinople, a Capital without a Country.

the dominion of the Greeks, and now, after a long period of fretful subjugation to the yoke of the Ottomans, she is shaking herself free again.

Grave religious questions will no doubt prevent a dispersal of the Ottomans from Europe. But whatever may be the spiritual claims of the Caliph over his fellow Mahomedans (and many dispute the right of the house of Ottoman to the Caliphate ; their only claim to the position being, not the right of birth, but their own ruthless and usurping sword), the temporal power of the Turk is clearly on the wane. Never again can the Committee of Union and Progress be allowed to have their old dominion over subject peoples.

What, then, can be done with Constantinople ? As one who knows the byeways of the city with some intimacy, owing to a brief but vivid sojourn during the war (when I was hiding there as an escaped prisoner), I feel pessimistic about any settlement to be arrived at in Paris. At best it can only be a compromise. To reconcile the conflicting interests will be a sheer impossibility. The worst that could happen is that the present *régime* should continue, with no attempt to clear up the warren of intrigue and underground Bolshevik activity which exists and will continue to exist there until there is a strong hand over the city. Something must be done. Some form of international control there must be. The Greeks cannot manage Constantinople, nor the Jews, nor the Armenians. And a condominium of the nations, with a responsibility divided between the capitals of Europe, unwieldy, uncertain, and harassed by religious faction, is an improbable and indeed an impossible solution. Further, it is unlikely that any Power will accept a mandate.

A Hindoo Juggler. He has a python in the cloth-covered basket in front of him, and is seen fixing cords, at the end of which are little leaden concave cups, over his eyeballs by suction. The lids are then drawn down outside the cups, the cords passed over either ear, and the basket containing the snake lifted by the grip of the eyelids.

There remains the solution of making Constantinople the capital of the League of Nations.

There could be no more neutral place in either hemisphere. The centre of gravity in the world's affairs may well be moving eastward again, and, in any case, Constantinople is at the gateway

to great resources, and on a natural and ancient trade route to the East.

Constantinople, a Capital without a Country.

If the city and the straits were an extra-territorial area, completely separate from the desires or ambitions of any one race or class or creed, and governed by some municipal body elected from property holders, it is possible that with time and the sobering influence of an Allied International gendarmerie, the old rivalries and hatreds might die down or remove themselves elsewhere. If law and order are maintained at Constantinople with an authority that leaves no hope of its subversion, it will be only a matter of months before there is peace through the Near East.

Two factors, in my opinion, will make for security. The first is the growing interest of Turkish women in politics. It is a complete error to suppose that the veiled ladies of the harem have no education or experience of affairs. They have an immense influence.

The second factor is the religious question. Christendom must see to it—of that there can be no question—that the terrible story of the Armenians and Greeks shall never be repeated. There can be no truce with the Young Turks responsible for the atrocities that made civilisation shudder. But with Islam we can and must make peace. And I believe we will. The average Mahomedan hates the Young Turk party no less than he distrusts the policy of the Allies . . . England especially, as the first Mahomedan Power, must shape her policy so as to bring Islam into the scope of the great democracies of the future. This, I believe, will happen. Islam of the future should be a source of strength, instead of danger, to the British Empire.

But for the immediate present there must be a larger share of mutual trust. There should be no question, for instance, about a matter such as the mosque of San Sofia. Why should we want to make it a Christian cathedral? The Turk took it by the sword. Let him keep it, now that the sword is no longer in his hand. Better by far that it should remain, a mosque indeed, but also a monument to Christian chivalry that will spare its foe, and an earnest of that lasting peace which the weary nations hope to establish securely on the earth.

Raised by the grip of his eyelids. The juggler's method of carrying his python. Both photographs by Captain F. A. M. Webster, 1, St. Augustine's Rd., Bedford.

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB AND PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

(Patron : His Majesty The King.)

THE Over - Seas Club and Patriotic League is a non-party society of British subjects residing in all parts of the world. Its underlying motive is to promote the unity of British subjects. Its four chief objects are

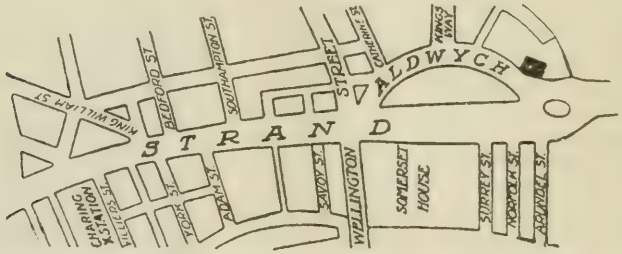
1. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the seas and in the air.
4. To help one another.

MEMBERS' CREED.

BELIEVING the British Empire to stand for justice, freedom, order and good government, we pledge ourselves, as citizens of the British Commonwealth of nations, to maintain the heritage handed down to us by our fathers.

HEADQUARTERS.

The Headquarters of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League are situated at General Buildings, Aldwych, London, just opposite Australia House, in the very heart of the Metropolis. Here are provided most of the amenities of an ordinary Club, including Reading, Writing, Billiards, Ladies' and Smoking Rooms, Information Bureau, the provision of a postal address, and the forwarding of Members' mail. Light refreshments can be obtained. Hours of opening, 9.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed on Sundays.



The black square shows the building in which the Over-Seas Club Premises are situated.

Date of Inception	**August 27th, 1910**
Subscribing Membership, as at December 31st, 1919	24,665
Life Members	3,309

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

All fees include "Overseas" and Membership List.

Residents.	Entrance.	Annually.	Life.
Overseas	Nil.	10s.	£7 7 0
Provinces	5s.	10s.	£10 10 0
London (within 20 miles Charing Cross).	£1 1 0	£1 1 0	£10 10 0

Members' subscriptions become due on January 1st each year. Subscriptions received after October 1st are carried forward to the following year.

Contributions or subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Organiser, Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

How We must Reform our Universities.

By Professor H. Sanderson Furniss, Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford.

[*"Overseas" has repeatedly described as the goal of our educational reforms "equal educational opportunities for all." The writer of this article points out how a complete overhauling of our educational system is required. Editor.*]

How We Must Reform Our Universities.

EVERYTHING that is implied by the sentence "the universities and the working classes" may not at first sight strike some of the readers of "Overseas," for, in the Dominions, classes are much less sharply marked off from one another than they are in the United Kingdom. Also, though there is doubtless much to be desired in the direction of freer universities, the working men and women of Australia, Canada, and New Zealand have decided advantages over our own people in the matter of university education.

A hundred years ago Oxford and Cambridge alone did duty for England and Wales as regards University education, and although since 1830 nine Universities and seven University Colleges have been established, the increase in the number of working men and women who have been able to obtain a University education has been insignificant. Some ten years ago not one in a thousand of the children leaving the elementary schools entered a University, and the proportion is much the same at the present time. The fault lies partly with the Universities themselves, but much more with the educational system as a whole. The school leaving age has only just been raised uniformly to 14, and although it is no longer true to say that all educational facilities for working-class children are lacking after the age of 14—apart from their very remote chances of entering secondary schools—those facilities which are provided by the Education Act of 1918 are nevertheless meagre and altogether inadequate. By this Act continuation schools are to be established, and free education is to be provided for a compulsory 320 hours in each year for young persons between the ages of 14 and 18. This, though a great advance, means that the great majority of the nation's children will still have to spend the larger part of their time in industry after the age of 14, and the Education Act really does very little indeed in the direction of increasing the chances of the children of working-class parents obtaining a University education. The educational system fails to provide the kind of training which is essential to fit the great mass of the children for the Universities as at present

How We Must Reform Our Universities.

constituted, and even if it did so, industrial conditions would not allow the working-classes to take advantage of the opportunities offered.

The Universities themselves are, however, partly to blame for this unsatisfactory state of affairs. Their professors and teachers have done little to promote educational reform, and have been content for the most part to allow the Universities to remain the special preserve of a privileged class. The possession of wealth rather than of intellectual capacity is the test of admission to the older Universities, and the same is to a great extent true as regards the newer foundations. This being so, little attempt has been made to adapt University curricula to the needs of working class students, while —in the case of Oxford and Cambridge at any rate—without the aid of scholarships the cost of living is far beyond the means of working men and women. Now a scholarship can only be won by working-class candidates who have had very exceptional chances, for they have to compete with middle-class boys from the great public schools such as Eton or Westminster, which very largely lay themselves out to prepare their pupils for scholarship examinations in the classics, the majority of scholarships at the older Universities being given for proficiency in Latin and Greek. It is obvious that the Universities, as well as the educational system as a whole, require sweeping reforms.

A new conception, however, of the duties of the Universities to the community has sprung up in recent years, and is slowly gaining ground amongst all, both within and without the Universities, who realise the importance of education in the life of the nation. It is a conception which will have to be more and more generally accepted. The influence of the Universities must not be confined within the boundaries of the cities in which they are situated, and they must no longer limit themselves to the teaching of a comparatively small number of residential students. It must be realised that extra-mural is quite as important as intra-mural teaching. The Universities must not wait for the people to come to them ; they must take the very best of all they have to offer to town and country, and to all who ask for their help and guidance.

A decided advance has been made with regard to extra-mural teaching since the University Extension Movement was set on foot some forty years ago, with the object of sending out University lecturers to industrial towns and other centres. But for various reasons the University Extension Movement itself has, apart from a few exceptional cases, not succeeded in reaching the working population. It has, however, done good pioneer work, and helped to pave the way for University Tutorial Classes. The first Tutorial Class was started by Oxford in 1908, and there are now some 150 classes at work, containing a total of over 3,000 students. They

now form part of the recognised work of all the universities of England and Wales.

How We Must Reform Our Universities.

The tutorial class movement is by no means confined to the United Kingdom, for it has taken firm root in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa. There are over forty classes in New South Wales alone, and twenty-five in New Zealand. The University of Sydney, indeed, attaches so much importance to extra-mural teaching that it has accepted the provision of tutorial classes as a statutory obligation. The classes are organised by joint committees, consisting in equal proportions of representatives of a university and of the Workers' Educational Association, which is an affiliation of working-class bodies—trade unions, co-operative societies, and the like. The classes are financed by the State, the local education authorities, the universities, and the students' fees. Each class consists of about thirty students—men and women—who are pledged to take a three years' course of study, and to write a certain number of essays each year. The students are given complete freedom as to the management of the classes, and themselves choose the subjects of study, which include history, economics, political science, philosophy, literature, law, natural science, and music.

Although the work done by the universities in this direction during the past ten years marks a very great advance, the tutorial classes even now do not meet a tithe of the demand which exists amongst the working population for extra-mural teaching. Nevertheless, the movement, while it must never be regarded as a substitute for residential university education, does seem to offer a very hopeful line of advance. It may, unfortunately, be long before the national education system and the universities themselves are reformed in such a way as to give equal educational opportunities to all, and even when this has been accomplished there will still be a demand for adult education outside the universities. For education should be a lifelong process, and should not stop with the conclusion of a university course, and there will probably always be those who do not care to leave their homes for periods of residence within a university.

The extension of the tutorial classes movement must go on side by side with university reform. In this way something may be done to prevent the terrible waste of intellectual power involved in a system which denies full educational opportunities to all save a small section of the population—a waste which cannot be wholly eliminated until the whole system itself is overhauled from top to bottom.

H. SANDERSON FURNISS.

The report of the work of the League of the Empire will not appear this month in "Overseas" owing to the illness of Mrs. Ord-Marshall.

The Lizard—the best-known Lighthouse in the British Empire

By Capt. Edward W. Gregory

The Lizard—the best-known Lighthouse in the British Empire.

HE first lighthouse on shore which travellers see who come from South America to England, after leaving Cape Horn or any part of the Argentine, Brazil, or the West Indies, is the Lizard, which stands, as every one knows, on the edge of the cliffs at the most southerly point of the United Kingdom. Many of the great liners from the United States to Europe also "pick up" the Lizard light first, for their track is well south of the Scilly Islands, and before proceeding up Channel to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton, take their bearings from the lighthouse and alter their courses accordingly. Some ships from South Africa also make the lighthouse before proceeding to their destination. The "White Star" liner *Suevic* some years ago was sailing on this course when, in a fog and drizzle from the S.E., she struck the rocks less than a mile from the Lizard and became a wreck, having seen neither light nor heard fog-horn, though both were in operation at the time. It was said that while working subsequently on the wreck, divers found remains of three other ships below the water at the very spot where the *Suevic* struck. It would thus appear that the coast is dangerous and that the work of the lighthouse is extremely important.

Yet navigation is not difficult. There is deep water everywhere, even close in shore, and the course of ships going up Channel or out south-west to the ocean is plain and straightforward. The great difficulty is bad weather and the danger of striking rocks or running into the lofty cliffs or the hard "Serpentine" stone which is a geological feature peculiar to the district. It is to protect ships from the fearful risks of coming too close to shore in bad weather that the Lizard light stands.

A remarkable instance of the durability of machinery is seen in the fact that the dynamo which generates the electricity was put in forty years ago, and is still perfectly dependable. In these days of the scrapping of old machinery and its replacement by new, it is almost a pleasure to find such a fine record of mechanical service, though it is possible that engineers might make out a very good case, on the score of economy, for installing fresh plant at the Lizard. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and if there is one quality more needed than another in lighthouse equipment, surely that is dependability. There are four engines at the Lizard of 14 h.p. One only is required for the light, two for the fog-horn, and a reserve, which can take the place of any one of the other three in case of breakdown.

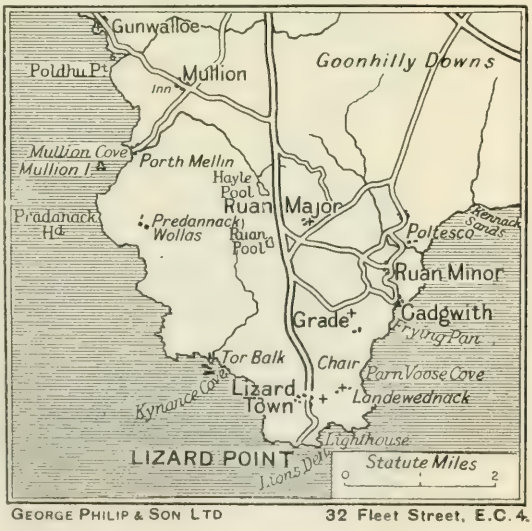
The Lizard—the best-known Lighthouse in the British Empire.

The lighthouse itself is a long whitewashed stone building with a tower at each end, and engine houses, workshops, storage, and domestic offices for the staff of an engineer and four keepers. Originally, in 1752, when the lighthouse was built, both towers had a lantern, the Lizard light being then a twin fixed one ; but in 1903 the corporation of Trinity House made an alteration, abolishing the light of the western tower, and making the light of the eastern tower a flashing one which appears once in three seconds. The mechanism of the huge lantern, which turns round on a centre, is extremely complicated ; but it may roughly be described as a huge glass box with four sides. The light and reflectors are within, and the whole, weighing four tons, floats on 750 lbs. of mercury, It can easily be moved round with the pressure of the finger. Some idea of the immense service the light is to shipping may be gathered from the fact that its rays—not the light itself—can be seen eighty miles away on a favourable night. The flash in the sky from the Lizard has been seen as far away as Alderney in the Channel Islands. The light of the lantern above sea level is 245 feet, with an horizon of 21 miles.

There are always two men on watch, one for the fog-horn, the other for light and general duties. The staff works in four-hour watches. Speaking tubes connect the lantern with the bedrooms below, so that each man can be summoned in case of necessity, or warned for his turn of duty.

If, through some extraordinary occurrence, the electric light should fail, an oil lamp is always kept ready trimmed for use, but it is extremely unlikely such an emergency would ever arise.

It has already been indicated, earlier in the article, that the worst things ships from overseas, which are of course approaching the land, have to fear is thick weather. They must pick up the Lizard light for their Channel bearings, and if the light is invisible, the only thing to indicate the position of the coast is the fog-



The most Southerly Point in Great Britain. Map showing a corner of Cornwall and the famous Lizard Lighthouse.

The Lizard—the best-known Lighthouse in the British Empire.

horn. This has a low booming sound, giving a double note, long and short, with about a second interval between.

It is obvious that in the very worst weather ships have to rely upon what one would regard, normally, as the lighthouse's second string, the fog-horn, for the light itself cannot be seen. And sound over water in dirty weather is extraordinarily difficult to hear and locate. All old travellers will remember some time, perhaps many times, approaching narrow seas in thick weather, and the continual sound of fog-horns in all directions and at all apparently conceivable distances. It requires a considerable degree of confidence to believe, on such occasions as these, that the captain is as unconcerned as he looks. The remark of the Royal Mail captain to the writer that he liked to hear plenty of syrens and fog-horns, because they sounded so companionable, may be taken for what it is worth. Passengers, at all events, are always uneasy in a fog.

There is a storage tank of compressed air at 125 lbs. pressure kept always ready at the Lizard to switch on to the syren at a moment's notice. Supposing a thick mist drifts up off the Gulf Stream and turns a fine bright day into a dense fog. The keeper can start the syren instantly by turning on the compressed air, and can keep the service going for a quarter of an hour, ten minutes being ample time to start the engines, after which, of course, the fog-horn can be kept going for any length of time. Its sound can be heard for over twenty miles, but there is extraordinary variability according to wind and other weather conditions. The interval between the sounds is regulated automatically by clockwork, and the blasts of the horn are automatically recorded on a chart which shows how long the fog lasts, and how many times the horn has been blown. It takes 25 lbs. pressure to produce a blast. Responsibility for

(Continued on p. 49.)

General view of Lizard Lighthouse. The tower on the left of the picture is the one in use, the other having been discontinued in 1903. Originally both lights were used.

The Hunt for the Brontosaurus

Will he be found?

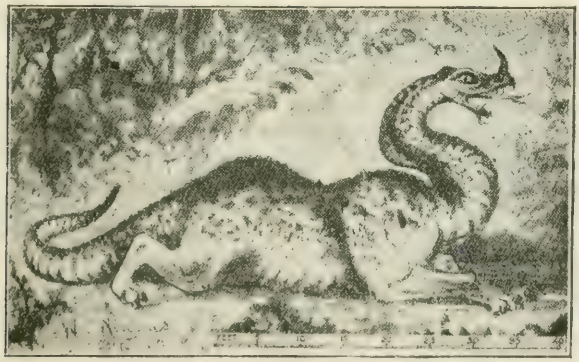
By Hertha Davies

The Hunt for the Brontosaurus.

HUMAN beings are quite clearly divided into three types—credulous, incredulous and open-minded—the believers of any and every old wives' tale; the scoffers at all which is not conventionally accepted; and those who reserve judgment until definite proof is forthcoming. The "discovery" of the Brontosaurus is a "test" case for those who wish to be certain to which of these three classes they belong!

The Brontosaurus like many another germane monster, such as the Keratosaurus, the Tyrannosaurus and Dinosaurus, is one of the fearsome prodigies which, some eight or ten million years ago, must have made life extremely unpleasant for any neighbours who could not boast their weight in terms of tons and their height in terms of yards.

In 1899, a complete fossil of a Brontosaurus was found in Wyoming, and professors and scientists wrote learnedly of the Gargantuan species which, now as extinct as the Dodo, had once roamed and ruled the earth. The bones were reconstructed and a sketch made of the animal as it probably looked in those pre-flood days when everything seems to have been on so much larger a scale than now. From this sketch the Brontosaurus appears to have had a long, thick tail like a lizard, a flexible neck like an ostrich, and a body like an elephant. It stood fifteen feet high, and



Daily Mail.

The Brontosaurus, as visualised by Mr. Walter Winans, a world authority on animals, who firmly believes it exists somewhere in the Congo district.

The Hunt for the Brontosaurus.

was amphibious. While delighting the zoologists and filling in another picture of the early history of the Universe, the finding of this perfect fossil did not interest the lay mind for long.

But now two Belgian travellers, M. Gapelle and M. Lapage, have startled the world with a story of how in the heart of the Congo they came upon a strange spoor, which they followed for twelve miles, and at length sighted a strange and wonderful beast which, they declared, could have been none other than the reputed extinct Brontosaurus. The animal was of the rhinoceros order, with large scales reaching far down his body. It had a very thick kangaroo tail, a horn on its snout and a hump on its back. This report has proved a veritable war trumpet to all sorts of hunters, explorers, travellers and scientists who have either similar experiences to relate, theories to advance, or scorn of the whole story to pour into the ears of the British public through the medium of the daily press.

From it all one comes away with a terrible if not quite clear-cut picture of our monster. One hunter who thinks he saw it twenty years ago insists that it has a head like a lion, but all we know from M. Gapelle is that it has a horn and a snout, and is of the rhinoceros order. Its neck would appear to be a cross between a python and an ostrich—in any case long and sinuous. Its body large in all its dimensions and most suitably protected with strong brightly-coloured scales. (One "eye-witness" gives it leopard's spots.) Its tail is that of a crocodile or a lizard, only much more so—it is so long that the highest tree would prove no refuge to an enemy. The legs alone are wrapt in modest mystery. Is the Brontosaurus a mammal or a reptile? No one seems to have felt like taking its photograph or letting it come up to be examined, and we can hardly blame them under the circumstances! Think how wide the danger-zone around it must be with its height and its length, and we know nothing as to its speed.

Mr. Walter Winans, the big game shot, who firmly believes in the Brontosaurus' existence, is sure that it is a reptile. He writes:

"The Brontosaurus is heavy both in the neck and the tail, which are both, besides, very long. If it stood as the scientists draw it, the neck and tail would over-balance it, and a slight puff of wind from the side would blow it over! It is ridiculous to think that an animal 100 feet long would have legs close together in the middle, and have three-quarters of its length sticking out in front and behind unsupported in the air."

Whether we talk glibly of travellers' tales and native imagination or not, the fact remains that the American Smithsonian Institute have offered one million pounds to anyone who will bring the Brontosaurus to them, alive or dead. Already at least one enterprising Britisher, Captain Lester Stevens, M.C., has started for Cape Town en route for Kafu, 1,700 miles inland, where he hopes to

organise a successful expedition. Captain Stevens is taking with him two rifles, a shot gun, a revolver and his dog—a Medusan head, poisoned arrows or a cloak of invisibility would seem more fitting. Or, if he must be modern, why not a tank? It if is true the animal weighs ninety tons, and has scaly armour, the odds are already two to one against the most up-to-date tank that ever stormed the Hindenburg line.

The Hunt for the Brontosaurus.

It seems sad that if the expedition is successful the Brontosaurus must again become extinct, but even Perseus would have jibbed at muzzling and leading captive to America so lively a Minotaur.

This is all we know at present, but what fascinating possibilities the whole story opens up. Just think, if it is true, what other legendary animals may not come to life again in some yet-to-be explored swamp or jungle.

THE LIZARD. (Concluded from p. 46.)

putting the fog-horn into use rests solely on the discretion of the keeper on duty, but he is supposed always to err on the safe side.

The Lizard—the best-known Lighthouse in the British Empire.

The lighthouse keepers are also responsible at the Lizard for the maintenance of one or two landmarks on the coast indicating the position of rocks. One is called "The Balk," with a diamond shaped wooden scaffold standing high on the cliff, with a whitened rock far below, and a painted target in another position. Ships at sea, in daytime, can tell exactly the position of a dangerous rock a mile and a half from there, by observation and correlation of these marks. The rock is just inside the usual traffic line.

Ever since 1914 the lighthouse has been closed to visitors; but Trinity House has now renewed the privilege of going over to any one who may be in the neighbourhood and interested in what is probably the most observed and best-known lighthouse in the British Islands.

Is the Brontosaurus lurking somewhere in the swampy lands between Lake Albert and Lake Choga? Rumour seems to point to this equatorial part of Central Africa, and it is from Kafu that the first organised hunt is to set out.

When Russia Went Dry

By Hamilton Fyfe

[The writer, who states that "I am not a Prohibitionist," tells us of what he saw of the results of Prohibition in Russia. It is a remarkable story, and one upon which all who desire a nation-wide sobriety would do well to ponder.—Editor.]

When Russia Went Dry.

"WHAT we want to get at are the facts." That was a saying frequently in the mouth of the ablest business man I ever knew. It applies with no less force to public than to private affairs, and in these days, while we are still suffering from the propaganda habit, it is especially desirable to keep it in mind.

During war "the facts" have to bow before the fictions. What we want in war-time is to deceive our enemies; we usually end by deceiving ourselves as well. We exaggerate without shame, we misrepresent, we "stray from the path of truth under the stress of circumstances," as the *Cologne Gazette* naively expressed it in December, 1914, adding that, "When the arms of our soldiers have overthrown those other liars we will return joyfully to our traditions of candour."

Unfortunately, the return is not easy. Misrepresentation has become habitual. We are less inclined to seek truth than the spread of our opinions, victory for our views. Thus in the controversy about Prohibition each side over-states its case. In order to come to a sensible decision we need, not argument, certainly not sentiment, above all, not paid propaganda; we need knowledge, "light, more light." What we want to get at are the facts.

Well, I was in Russia while Prohibition was in force there, and I can offer some information as to its results. There was no doubt about them. They could be seen in the towns and villages. They could be proved by statistics. They were attested by every observer. The harm that vodki did was admitted. It is a spirit which comes nearer to pure alcohol than any other in common use. If it is carefully distilled, much of its harmfulness is removed. The cheap vodki was poisonous stuff. And, to the eternal shame of the rulers of Russia, this poison was forced down the people's throats in order to swell the revenue of the country.

Count Witte it was who set up the Government monopoly in alcohol; he declared, however, that he did not intend it to be what it became after he left the Finance Ministry, "a means of spreading drunkenness." What happened was this. Seeing that revenue could be raised so simply, the officials set themselves to increase the number of Government vodki shops. In a short time the yearly amount received by the Treasury rose from fifty to a hundred million pounds.

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The consequences of this were so plain and so disastrous that there arose a strong feeling in favour of abolishing the monopoly. The Tsar heard of it, and agreed that such an evil ought not to be tolerated. Most people imagine that the suppression of vodki was a War resource, which would not, and could not, have been adopted but for the War. That is not so. Six months before War broke out the Tsar issued an order that State encouragement of intemperance was to be at once abandoned, and that means should be found of "extirpating this vice and affording the peasants the opportunity of displaying their high qualities of mind and body."

The War enabled a further step to be taken ; the sale of vodki was forbidden. Immediately the advantages of a sober mobilisation were perceived. At the time of the war against Japan General Kuropatkin complained of the conditions in which the troops joined the colours. "Such an indecent and disgusting picture," he said, "as that presented by the transport of drunken reservists to the front was never before seen. When the military authorities asked to have the vodki shops closed along the route followed by the troops, they received a categorical refusal. It was a drunken mobilisation."

That was in 1904. In 1914, according to a statement made by General Polivanoff while he was Minister of War, "The beneficent results of the abolition of the liquor trade were evident from the manner in which conscripts and reservists responded to the call upon them. Everywhere they were quiet and orderly." No greater contrast could have been imagined.

In a few months many other contrasts began to be noticed. The look of the people in many districts changed for the better. The children, instead of running about barefooted and in rags, had warm clothes and boots to wear. Forest fires, due mostly to drunken men carelessly throwing down matches or to deliberate incendiarism under the influence of drink, were far fewer in number. The peasants no longer sold their grain, their poultry, their eggs as quickly as possible in order to be able to get drink ; they kept them until they sold for higher prices. They were not cheated over bargains by having a vedro ($2\frac{1}{2}$-gallon cask) of vodki thrown in, a lure they could seldom resist.

The way they drank was bestial ; the amount they drank, scarcely credible. In the villages they usually caroused, men and women together very often. In the towns the workmen would buy a tenpenny bottle of spirit, knock the neck off, and drink it right away. Then they would walk a hundred yards or so, drop down insensible, and lie where they fell until they had slept it off. The proportion of earnings spent on drink was very large. In one province, Kostroma, the Zemstvo (Council) reckoned that Prohibition saved each family from £10 to £20 a year.

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In the same report with this estimate were statements that the efficiency of labour had increased ; beggars had disappeared ; public meetings were no longer "accompanied by noise and profane language" ; business was done "much more rapidly" ; quarrels, scandals, and fights had "begun to disappear."

A Swedish newspaper man, W. Karlgren, of the *Dagen's Nyhcter* (News of the Day), who travelled through Russia in 1915, wrote of the villages as "rolling in money." Meat, formerly eaten once or twice a year, had become part of the peasants' daily fare. Houses, farming machinery and implements, clothes and furniture were being purchased out of their savings.

A good many drunkards, in order to feel "warm inside" and procure a short intoxicated sleep, swallowed furniture polish which contained a good deal of alcohol ; others drank methylated spirit, which had to be treated so as to make it nauseating. But these maniacs were few in number. The mass of the people were well satisfied that Prohibition had done them good. There were times when the longing for drink fiercely assailed them, but the craving became weaker, and they were so much better in health as well as in pocket that it was common to hear praise of the Tsar for "taking their temptation away."

Of all the pieces of evidence in favour of Prohibition the increase in the savings-bank deposits was the most convincing. Usually the month of September saw deposits made to the value of £100,000. In September, 1914, they amounted to £2,500,000. The figures up to the close of the year were :—

October,	£2,150,000 against	£150,000 in October,	1913.
November,	£2,400,000 against	£500,000 in November,	1913.
December,	£2,900,000 against	£75,000 in December,	1913.

During 1915 and 1916 the savings banked continued to be very much larger than they had been in the days of State vodki. There were other causes at work to account for the increase, but Prohibition was the most effective. No one denied that.

For a long time drink could be bought in hotels and restaurants by those who liked to pay absurd prices for it, and to drink it out of tea-pots or china jugs. But many people found they were not so eager for it as they supposed they would be.

My own experience, if I may intrude it, was this : enforced abstention made me understand how well I could do without intoxicants. I still like wine and beer, if they are light ; but I have never begun to drink whisky or port again ; and it is only now and then that I take anything but water. I believe I am all the better for this change in my habits, and I should recommend others to try it. But I do not believe in forcing others to do what is good for me. I am not a Prohibitionist. I am simply one who wants to get at the facts.

A BATAK OF SUMATRA IN HIS DUG-OUT. THIS MONTH'S PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.

This photograph was taken on Lake Toba Meer, a lake about 80 miles long by 30 miles wide, by Mr. S. E. Baxter, Batoe Lokong Estate, Pangoen Poerba, Deli, E. C. Sumatra.

A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness Calls.

Two Photographs sent by Mr. A. O. Main Reade, Jos, Nigeria.

The Call to Prayer. Hausas (the chief inhabitants of Northern Nigeria) on the way to the Mosque at Kano.

The Feast of Rammadan, the great Mohammedan festival. The photograph is of Hausas, the Mohammedan inhabitants of Kano, the great walled city of N. Nigeria.

Now Women are Magistrates.

[Mrs. How-Martyn, who is the first and at present only woman sitting on the Middlesex County Council, has for many years played a prominent part in the Women's Movement. At the last General Election she stood for the Hendon District, and in spite of the fact that it was a three-cornered contest and that she had only three weeks for her campaign, she polled over 2,000 votes.—Editor.]

Now Women are Magistrates.

ON December 23rd last, the Royal Assent was given to the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act, the chief provisions of which are that women may now be appointed as Justices of the Peace, may serve on juries, and become barristers and solicitors.

The Lord Chancellor at once appointed seven women Justices and constituted them into a Central Advisory Committee to assist him in the selection of women as Justices of the Peace. The committee includes the Marchioness of Crewe (Chairman), the Marchioness of Londonderry, Mrs. Lloyd George, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Sidney Webb.

As our overseas friends may not all be well acquainted with the office of Justice of the Peace it may be useful to give a brief outline of this ancient public office. Justices of the Peace were created under Edward III. in the fourteenth century, and during the succeeding centuries their powers were gradually increased until the administrative and judicial government of the counties was discharged by them. The Justice of the Peace, who was not required to have any legal knowledge, was, until recent times, generally a landowner. Then, as now, the necessary legal knowledge was supplied by the Clerk of the Peace. The Justices of the Peace were ex-officio members of the Boards of Guardians set up under the Poor Law Act of 1834. In 1888, the County Councils Act took away from the Justices of the Peace all their local government

Mrs. How-Martyn.

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powers. Mrs. Stopes, in her book "British Freewomen," mentions the interesting fact that "the wise and renowned Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was made Justice of the Peace in the reign of Henry VII., and the Lady of Berkeley under Queen Mary held the same office."

It may be fairly claimed that large numbers of women fulfil the qualifications laid down by Mr. Alexander in his book entitled "The Administration of Justice in Criminal Matters":—

"As to the personal qualities in a Justice of the Peace, they appear to be high moral character, a fair degree of education, business knowledge, knowledge of the world, and common sense, together with an admixture of 'the milk of human kindness.'"

It seems absurd that children's courts were established without providing women to preside in them. From their experience far more women have an understanding of the natures of children and of child psychology and would be able to get a better response from the children and give the harassed mothers more sympathy than is possible for the majority of men. Probably this is recognised by the authorities, but they have hesitated to make women magistrates for special cases. Lord Halsbury, in reply to the question: "Do you consider women as suitable persons to sit on certain cases in connection with the magisterial bench?" said "No, I should say I do not see any objection in certain cases. The difficulty about it is that if you appoint a justice I do not think you ought to appoint a justice who is only qualified to adjudicate in certain cases."

Young, foolish and headstrong girls who get into the police courts are often injuriously affected at finding themselves for the first time in their lives being dealt with entirely by men. The presence of a woman on the bench would have a sobering effect, and counsels of modesty, self-control and self-respect be more likely to be heeded when coming from a woman whom the girl would instinctively feel must understand her case better than the benevolent old gentlemen who seem to her to live in a different world.

This is now possible. At least two women justices will be needed on every bench.

The tendency of men is to lay great stress on the sanctity of property while sometimes appearing rather careless of offences against the person. A cause of much pain and bitterness to women is the frequency with which light sentences are given in criminal and indecent assaults on little girls. Women sitting with men on the bench will lead to fairer and more balanced judgments being given in such cases and will do something to restore women's confidence in magisterial wisdom.

From time to time the Home Secretary calls the attention of

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magistrates to various methods by which their work could be made more truly reformative and helpful to those who are brought before them. Mr. Dodd, in his pamphlet,* goes very fully into this aspect of the case and says: "A strong argument in favour of women justices will be found from considering the earnest endeavours of the legislature and of Home Secretaries to induce all the Magisterial Benches to treat those committed to their care with kindness and consideration—viz., to avoid unnecessary imprisonment, exercising reasonable moderation as to imposing costs on poor people, and allowing them time for payment of fines. In many cases magistrates, through obstinacy or carelessness and dislike of change, have made the merciful provisions of Parliament and suggestions of the Home Office a dead letter." Evidently Mr. Dodd hopes that women will be more responsive to such appeals and I do not think he will be disappointed.

It is most important to have women justices to visit the prisons for women. This point has only to be stated for every intelligent person to recognise its appropriateness.

In rural districts especially, the justices are friends to be appealed to by those in difficulties. There must be numerous cases in which the applicants will go more readily to a woman, and this boon is no longer denied them.

The world is made of men and women, and the only satisfactory basis of its political institutions is one based on the co-operation of men and women in the work of legislation and of administration.

English women have a new great opportunity to help in the administration of justice. I feel sure that the country will have every reason to be satisfied with the service of its women Justices of the Peace.

EDITH HOW-MARTYN

* "Women as Justices of the Peace," by J. Theodore Dodd, J.P., published by Women's Local Government Society, Tothill Street, S.W. 1. Price 3d.

Please see that your public library has a copy of "Overseas" each month.

"Ma Pa, and the Kids." A well-grown family, photographed by Mrs. J. Bennett, 18, Hill Street Grahamstown, C. Province.

A Day on a Sheep Farm in South Western Australia

A Day on a Sheep Farm in South Western Australia.

THE fire which has been laid overnight in the kitchen stove is lighted at daybreak, and before going out we have a cup of tea, then walk to the yard where my brother feeds the fowls and milks two cows, while I tie up and feed the six horses and go back and cut firewood. Just as the sun rises, we have breakfast which my sister-in-law has got ready—porridge, eggs, home-made bread, honey, jam, butter and tea. We then help clear away and wash up the breakfast things, trim the lamps and bring in firewood before saddling up. My brother rides to one paddock to chop blackboy-logs for a part of the ewe flock, and I set out for another, carrying a six-shot Winchester carbine slung over my shoulder.

The country is covered with trees, where not cleared for crop growing ; " Jarrah " on the tops of the ridges, red gums and white gums below them, and " blackboys," *i.e.*, grass trees, on the lower slopes and bottoms of the gullies. Fences of 3 feet wire netting divide the property into paddocks, each of which has a " tank," an excavation six feet deep and twenty yards square, made in clayey ground at the bottom of a slope. These fill with water at the beginning of winter, and contain at least two feet of it when the autumn rains fall.

Two Pet Kangeroos. Sent by Mr. R. Whistler, Dinninup, West Australia.

As I ride past one tank, a mob of kangaroos cross the gully, so jumping off my mare, and throwing the reins over her head, I unsling my rifle and run down the slope after them. They sit up on the farther side of the gully and one big doe offers a fair mark at about sixty yards, and she falls to a bullet through her narrow chest, which shows over a low blackboy. I run across and kill her by a blow on the head with a piece of wood picked up under a tree, and return to fetch " Bonnie." Leaving the reins trailing, so that she can pull out and eat the tops of the blackboys, I skin the doe with my belt-knife, cut off the hind quarters, and hang them up on a sapling, making a peg by breaking off a branch six inches from the trunk,

A Day on a Sheep Farm in South Western Australia.

pulling the big muscle of one hind leg over it, then fold the skin and strap it on the saddle, and ride to a big gully in the next paddock. The bush fire has swept over it, and burned the dead rushes around the tops of the blackboys, and a few showers have made the tops grow so that there are six inches of new growth at the bottom of each rush. This is soft and sweet and good food for stock, and men lost in the bush have lived on it for days.

Cattle and horses can pull out enough for themselves and sheep can nibble off the tops of all they can reach by standing on their hind legs with their fore feet against the top. The grass is shooting up after the fire, but is not yet plentiful enough for ewes with young lambs, so the tops of the tall blackboys which they cannot reach must be chopped out for them. For a few weeks we had a couple of men doing this at 12s. per day, but even this wage would not keep them on a farm away from a township. An axe is set on top of a log here, so I dismount, lay my rifle and jacket on the log, and ring the sheep's "dinner bell" by striking three blows on the log with the back of the axe. The sounds echo across the gully and answering bleats come from all sides as the sheep call to each other and come running up. I roll up my sleeves as the rushes are beaded with dew drops, and set to work. One or two slashing blows into the crown of the blackboy bring the rushes slithering down, or the centre flies out in a mass, which the sheep break up with their fore feet, so that they can nibble more easily the sweet white base of the rushes. Some run up to nibble at each top as it falls, others set steadily to work on one top at a time. The younger lambs yell loudly to the mothers who have left them and are too busy to attend to them, but the older ones lie quietly down knowing that they will have plenty of milk soon.

The sun is shining in a clear blue sky and the perspiration is soon running down my face, the dew from my elbows. Half an hour's work at ten tops a minute is enough for the 100 or so sheep in this place, so I set the axe in the log again, and ride half a mile up the gully, where there is another axe. The signal brings a fresh lot of ewes, and another half hour is spent in supplementing the grass with food they are unable to get for themselves. Then I ride over the ridge to another gully, eating an apple as I go, and here a third axe is used in chopping tops for a third mob, after which I ride down to a tank and give the mare a drink, then set out for home, riding along a mile of boundary fence on part of the way. A tree has fallen across it in one place, pressing the netting nearly to the ground, and I dismount and search carefully for sheep tracks on both sides. As there are none, no sheep can have got out yet, so I fill the gap with branches and go on, getting home about noon.

I feed the mare and we have lunch, cold mutton, salad, light pudding and tea, then help wash up and rest for half an hour. My brother

A Day on a Sheep Farm in South Western Australia.

rides off to another paddock and I put new shoes on "Bonnie," then take an empty sack, a sharp axe, a Page's patent wire strainer and a yard of wire and ride to the broken fence. Here I drop the reins and cut a three foot length of six-inch sapling and lay it under the log near the netting, chop the log through on each side of the fence, cut a lever from the sapling and roll the length off the netting. The wire wound along the top of the netting is then mended and strained up, also the top wire, then I ride to get the kangaroo meat, strap it across the saddle and reach home just before sunset. I milk and feed as in the morning, feed the dogs, and at dark go in to supper, hot roast mutton, rice pudding, stewed fruit and cream, tea and light wine, locally grown, costing 4s. per gallon.

Then one helps wash up, and as to-morrow is a "baking day," the other works up the dough. A "sponge" was set in the morning by mixing a pint of home-made yeast into two pounds of flour in an enamel "billy." This has risen, and is now mixed with warm water into eight pounds of flour in a deep milk pan, and worked up with a big wooden spoon until thoroughly mixed. It is then covered with a board and a folded blanket and left to rise again by morning, when it will be worked up into loaves with a little dry flour and baked. Then we have a smoke, read one of the daily papers, six of which come every weekly mail day, and turn in about 10 p.m.

Now you fellows on the Canadian farms and ranches, the South African veldt and the East African "bush" and on plantations in Malaya, send the Editor the description of one of your days, and how you live and what you have to do, so that all Club Members may know a little of each other's life and work.

SHEEP FARMER.

"My Home in Bulawayo." Sent by Mrs. C. Beckett, Sea Point Villa, Beach Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, S. Africa.

The Wings of a Dove

ONE came to me in my dream and said "Write concerning tiredness," and in my dream I replied "Concerning tiredness are there so many things to be written that they would fill a book." For tiredness is the long and difficult road which leads the heart that is enlightened to the regions of unspeakable peace, and he who has attained to the complete surrender of a weariness not rebelled and fought against, but uplifted and transfigured, stands on the threshhold of wonderful things.

There are so many tired people in the world—tired, too tired to rest. Their little lives seem caught in the complicated machinery of existence, all about them is effort and jangle and noise ; relentlessly the wheels go round, and however jaded the brain or clumsy the nerveless hand, there is no shirking the part that has to be played. And at night when the whirr of wheels is hushed, and on long rows of deserted office desks the fluttering papers lie still, at night when darkness and silence enfold earth with their shadowy wings, these tired children lie wide eyed, tossing through the dragging hours, whilst the merciless procession of thoughts files endlessly by.

"But to be still ! Oh but to rest awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life ;
The sights, the sounds, the struggle and the strife
Of hourly being . . .
. . . all that is not pain
But utter weariness ! Oh to be free—
But for a while—from conscious entity !
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense."

Since those dim distant days when David, no longer "child of the sheepfolds," but sinner and king, cried out from the depths of his troubled spirit for the wings of a dove that he might fly away and be at rest, how oft have the longing words been echoed. David found the wings that he cried for and saw from the shining heights to which they bore him the City of God with light most precious, but to many no answer seems to come, and daily life with deadening pressure holds them crushed to the ground.

And the secret which lies at the root of the whole trouble is the curious tendency in man to put himself in a wrong relationship with the order of things. He is not "part of the machinery of existence," but citizen of an unseen kingdom, and would he but enter into his heritage, earth's bondage could have no power over him. The machinery may claim a greater or a lesser degree of his time and his

The Wings of a Dove.

energy, but it is a thing outside him and apart from him, and woe betide if he allow it to swallow him up and make him its slave. He will only be able to do his share adequately if he zealously guards the freedom of his spirit and remembers always that the outward part he has to play can, if needs must, be filled by another, if one little cog or wheel has to be removed it can always be replaced, but that which he has to give to the world can be given to the world by himself alone. No amount of gain is worth the sacrifice of character, not what a man does but what he is will in the long run prove to have been of most benefit to his brother man.

So often it is possible to lay them aside, those things which seem so important, those feverish activities which we cling to because we do not realise that for their sakes we neglect that which is of such infinitely greater value. If we are to grow, if we are to learn how to possess in serenity our souls, even when tired and jaded in body, room must be made in all our busy days for stillness, there must be green places, jealously enclosed, where we may hide ourselves from the world and hear the voice of God. The most exacting work, after all, only fills a given number of hours, there is always a margin, however small—and there are the wonderful nights, that safe place of refuge awaits us at the end of each crowded day.

Time, with its pressure and stress, can have no power to harass one who breathes the calm air of Eternity and carries with him wherever he goes the vision wide of a world unseen—the world which underlies all that we see and hear and do, the real world, the world to which we belong. Were it not for weariness man might have made himself at home on earth, might have flung himself into loving and getting and striving and sought for nothing further ; weariness is ever a signpost showing the way—would our blind eyes but see—to the Land of the Spirit, to the hidden places of renewal and peace, a warning that the soul has allowed itself to become too deeply entangled in the passing hour, that it is time for it to relax, to let go, to sink back into its own element, to breathe its native air and fill itself with fresh life. It is not work that wearies but worry and haste and anxiety, and a mind filled with serene thoughts is proof against all such ; whatsoever the surrounding rush and bustle may be it sees through them and beyond and stays itself on the unchangeable and abiding. To no dim far off future belongs the city not made with hands, wide open stand its gates, and by the river of life stretch green places waiting for us even here and now to go in and out and find pasture. There is rest and to spare for every tired heart, earth is no prison when heaven lends wings, time has no tyrannies for the sons of immortality.

H. d. V.

HIS FAVOURITE LITERATURE.

Mr. Hugh Murray, of Erin Farm, Middleburg, C.P., South Africa, reading "Overseas" in his orchard (see p. 6.). We are offering two prizes of £3 3s. each for the best photograph of a Member taken reading "Overseas" (see p. 6.).

Beautiful Japanese Shrines.

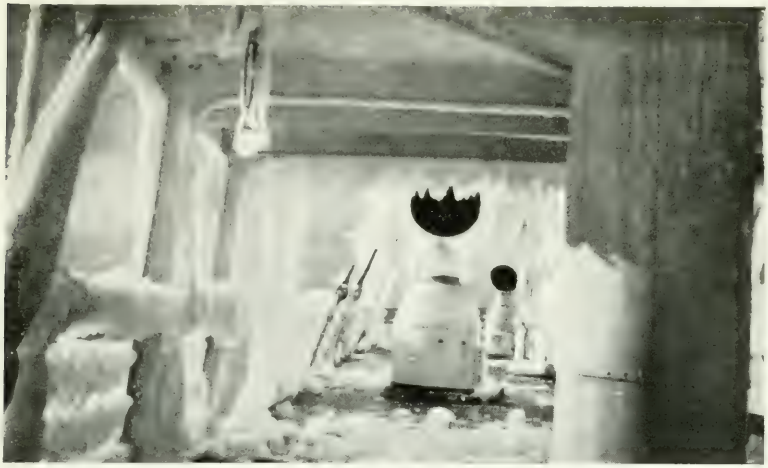
Photographs sent us by Miss Clara Richards, 57, Range Road, Shanghai, China.

Gion (Shinto) Shrine, Kyoto. Kyoto abounds in Temples belonging to all sects. They are all beautifully kept—a contrast to those in China.

Kiyomidzu (Shingon sect of Buddhists) Temple, Kyoto, dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy.

In the Grip of the Ice King.

Two Photographs taken in the North Atlantic by Mr Rudge Harding.



No one seems inclined to sit on deck under the present conditions.

The ship's "snow coat" helps her to match her surroundings.

Arosa in Winter Time.

This is a view of the High Street, with Pedestrians on Skis.

The "Diablerets."

A wonderful background for the Peasant Homes in the Valley.

Both photographs were sent by Mr. U. G. Frederici, Lausanne, Switzerland.

By The Assistant Editor.

" Overseas " Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from Headquarters.

THE early part of the New Year is a time when the Club's future hangs in the balance. Ninety per cent. of our Members are annual subscribers. Each year the men and women comprising this 90 per cent. have to choose either to throw in their lot once more with our Empire Brotherhood and Sisterhood and reconsecrate themselves to the work to which we have dedicated ourselves, or to stand aside and in the one-doesn't-make-any-difference spirit to leave the work of constructive citizenship to others. Each year during the nine years of our existence the answer has been the same—a great rally to the O.S. colours of all who the previous year had taken conscious pride in their membership, and the falling away of a minority who joined us under the misapprehension that our aim was to organise " a good time " among ourselves. Already a most encouraging number of renewals has been received, but, writing this early in January, it is impossible to know whether we are going to have solid backing from all parts of the world, or whether some faint hearts will turn back. If there are any gaps in our ranks from such defaulters, let us hope strong supporters will close them with new and worth while recruits.

Organised bodies of enlightened citizens working in unison with comrades all over the world and with Service for their motto cannot fail to influence public opinion and the public standpoint. The stronger and more active such bodies, the more good they can achieve. Thus we come back again to the membership question—the crux of the whole movement. We want every Briton to read our magazine and to judge for himself whether the things for which we interpret the British Empire to stand are worth working for. Our movement is so wide, its boundaries so elastic, the path by which Members reach the goal so diverse, that there is room for all, no matter what our own creed or convictions may be. With the broad aims of creating special links of friendship between all who own the same flag and with seeking to serve one's fellow compatriots and the State, few can quarrel. The question is, is one to take an active instead of a passive attitude ? Is our British citizenship a thing to be proud of and to work for until it stands for something inspirational in the eyes of even those with totally dissimilar aims ? There can be

News from Head-quarters.

only one answer to this question to Members of the Over-Seas Club and if only we all give of our best, there can be no limits to what our Society can accomplish.

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BADGE OF HONOUR MEMBERS.—The following names are of Members who since we last went to press have successfully filled in a Membership Campaign Book by gaining ten and in some cases more recruits. Our congratulations to them and to all who are successfully taking part in our Big Push Campaign. :—

D. Blumenberg, Georgie Villa, Melrose Road, Muizenburg, C. C., South Africa.
G. S. Chalk, Allan, Sask., Canada.
Miss C. L. Brent, Horsham, Victoria, Australia.
Mrs. F. Greig, Cartref Estates, Umhlali, Natal, S. Africa.
W. N. Croft, African Association (Congo), Ltd., Coquilhatville, Belgian Congo.
S. Gispert, Pasco de Gracia 8-10, Barcelona, Spain.
Dr. T. E. Abbott, Chillagoe, N. Queensland.
Quartermaster-Sergt. T. Johnson, Walvis Bay, S.W. Africa.

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THE MEMBERS' NUMBER.—As we announced in the September number, the August, 1920, issue of "Overseas" is to be a special Members' Number in commemoration of our tenth birthday. We would impress on all would-be contributors that the earlier copy is received for this number the more favourable are its chances of acceptance. The task of reading through the manuscripts will be a heavy one, and if we are inundated with them towards the end I am afraid the Literary Committee will not have time to go carefully through them all. In any case, the latest date up to which copy can be received is June 1st.

Special features for which prizes will be awarded are as follow :—

1. Two guineas for an article of not more than 1,000 words describing "A Day in My Life."
2. Two guineas for an article of not more than 1,000 words on "Why I went Overseas and What Happened to Me There."
3. Two guineas for the best article on any subject of overseas interest. This allows full scope for Members to write on any subject which appeals to them. Whether their article is suitable for "Overseas" or not is to be left to the discretion of the Literary Committee.
4. One guinea for the best poem of not more than thirty-two lines on the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League.

With regard to snapshots, two prizes will be offered of a guinea each, for (a) the best photograph : (b) the most interesting photograph.

OVERSEAS

News from Headqaurters.

SNAPPED READING "OVERSEAS."—Facing p. 60 this month we have published a photograph of Mr. Hugh Murray, one of our Cape Province Members, reading "Overseas" in his orchard. We have not received many photographs of Members reading our magazine, but when one thinks of all the thousands of people in different parts of the world who do read it at least once a month, we feel that here is a chance for some very interesting and excellent snapshots to be taken. We are, therefore, offering two prizes of £3 3s. each, one for men and one for women, for the best amateur photograph of a Member reading "Overseas." This competition will remain open until November 1st, 1920, and the prize photographs will be published in the December, 1920, issue.

If we do enlarge "Overseas," as some are anxious we should do, these photographs will be interesting mementoes of our magazine in its present companionable size. Whatever our views on the dignity and enhanced value of an enlarged journal may be, yet I think we all have a soft corner in our hearts for our little "Overseas," so adaptable to the pocket and so much our own even in its technical treatment.

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FOR CANADIAN GRAVES.—The Canadian Maple Seeds sent some time ago by Mr. Fane Sewell, of Toronto, to be cultivated and planted on Canadian graves in France, have grown into 104 strong young plants in Messrs. Saunders' nurseries at St. Albans. These plants have now been forwarded to France through the Imperial War Graves Commission, and thus a tribute to fallen comrades has been raised which will be a living memorial for who can say how many years.

* * * * *

ORDERING BADGES.—May we apologise to any Members who have or may have in future to await for some weeks before receiving the badges ordered by them? We are having enormous difficulties at this time in obtaining supplies from our manufacturers. First there is a shortage of gold, then of silver, then of labour. Even when we do get a delivery, it is usually only a small percentage of our order as the manufacturers are so pressed that they cannot execute individual orders in full. We hope conditions will soon be more normal, but until then we must ask our Members to help us by waiting their turn with good humoured patience.

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PRESS PUBLICITY.—We are always glad to welcome the co-operation of our literary and journalistic Members in giving prominence in their local Press to the doings of our movement. Any Members who have Press influence will be doing our cause a service if they use it to put the Club's aims before a wider circle than they can personally reach. We have just received a letter from Mr. W. Clegg-Butt, Mining and Associate Editor of the *New West Magazine*,

News from Headquarters.

506, Walker Bank Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., who tells us that in future he is devoting two pages of his section of the magazine to the interests of the Over-Seas Club. Our thanks are due to Mr. Clegg-Butt, and we hope his example will be widely followed.

* * * * *

A LOSS TO ALGIERS.—We have just learnt from the Chairman of the Algiers Branch, Mr. A. C. Benecke, of the sad death of Major F. A. Walker, who as Hon. Secretary of the Algiers Branch of the P.L.B.O. has been in close touch with us for some five years. We also had the pleasure of meeting Major Walker at Headquarters on several occasions, and his loss, therefore, is a personal one. We feel sure that his death will be a blow to the whole British Community in Algiers. Mr. E. B. Turner has been elected Hon. Secretary of the Branch in his stead.

* * * * *

CAN ANY MEMBER HELP ?—One of our Members, Mr. F. W. Jones, 1, Eaton Road, Newport, Mon., is anxious as to the fate of his son, first mate on the S.S. *Flush*, a vessel reported lost with all hands in the Baltic by Alam Island. If any of our Members who have been on active service in the Baltic have any news of the vessel and how it met its fate, would they please communicate with Mr. Jones ?

* * * * *

"I WISH YOU HAD SENT ME HEAPS MORE."—"Thank you for the enrolment forms. I wish you had sent me heaps more." It is not often that we get such enthusiastic comment. Members are apt perhaps to be somewhat relieved when they have honourably disposed of their stock of application forms, and feel that having done their bit they can sit down and rest on their laurels ! Not so Mrs. A. B. Lawrie, of Kinshasa, Congo Belge. Having filled in all the official forms she could scrape together—twenty in all—she typed out sixteen make-shift ones, while waiting for a fresh batch to arrive, and filled in the whole thirty-six. Mrs. Lawrie tells us that she has secured all the Britishers in Kinshasa, with the exception of some twelve, and of these she has not given up hope. Kinshasa is an excellent centre for Club activities as all Britishers pass through it before going up country.

* * * * *

OBITUARY.—It is with very much regret we announce this month the death of the following Members, and the Central Council desires to extend its sympathy to all their relatives and friends :—

Mr. R. S. Laurenson, Klipdam, C.P., South Africa.
J. C. Lewis, San Fernando, Trinidad, B.W.I.
R. W. Carrington, Monterrey, N.L., Mexico (Hon. Secretary of the Saltillo Branch, P.L.B.O.).
Major F. W. Walker, Algiers, Africa.

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DARJEELING.—Mr. Alan McGavin, our H.C.S. at Darjeeling, is shortly leaving there for Bangalore. He will be very much missed. The work he has done for the Club has been excellent. Besides roping in personally some thirty of his friends, he has worked steadily for the formation of a local Branch. We hear that he has arranged for a meeting of local Members with a view to making final arrangements for this end. Unfortunately, he himself will not be able to be present, but we are looking forward to hearing full details from Mr. Wearing, who is to succeed him as H.C.S. Mr. McGavin tells us that the magazine is "immensely popular" locally.

OVERSEAS

News from Head-quarters.

BOSTON.—The Boston Branch has been making the most steady and satisfactory progress ever since its inauguration. Mr. Jones' recent visit did much to strengthen it. The membership at present is sixty-one, but it is hoped that the hundred mark will be reached very shortly. The Branch is making a point of helping social welfare cases which come to its knowledge. Already the Members have assisted a destitute British clergyman by paying his passage home and providing him with an outfit, and they have also played fairy godmother to a young wife and mother who has been deserted by her husband. Such practical acts of service are the best proof that the Boston Branch is worthy of its Charter. Two monthly meetings have so far been organised. The Hon. Justice Russell, President of the Halifax Branch, and Mr. F. R. Jones, being the first speakers. President, Hon. H. H. Stanislaus ; Secretary, Miss Anna Irving ; H.C.S., Mr. T. R. P. Gibbs, while one of the active helpers is Mr. Charles V. Knightley.

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MAGELLAN BRANCH.—The Magellan Branch of the Over-Seas Club has just sent us a photograph of the diploma which, in September, 1916, they presented to Lieut. Commdr. L. A. Pardo, of the relief ship *Yelcho*, in recognition of his service in rescuing the members of Sir 'Ernest Shackleton's expedition stranded on Elephant Island. The presentation of this diploma, together with a gold watch, was the first work undertaken by the Magellan Branch after its formal opening. The diploma is a very fine design and is signed by twenty-four of the prominent local Members, including Mr. G. A. Fugellie, the present Hon. Secretary, and Mr. James Millar, the present Hon. Treasurer.

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A GOOD DAY'S WORK.—" I did a little recruiting on Saturday, and secured about thirty new Members for the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League. If you have about thirty-five application forms which you can send me I shall have them filled in for our new brothers." So writes Mr. G. H. Clark, of Dooterriah Tea Estates, to Mr. Alan McGavin, of Darjeeling, India. We wonder how many other Members will be able to boast of such a good day's work in 1920 ?

* * * * *

LLOYDMINSTER, SASK.—After a lapse of two years, it came as a delightful surprise to receive a letter from Mr. Walter Everest, Secretary of the Lloydminster Branch, and to hear that this Branch is again on the active list with a membership of eighty. Mr. and Miss Wrench visited Lloydminster in June, 1912, and the following are extracts from Miss Wrench's diary at the time :—

> " Lloydminster is unlike any of the other p'aces we have visited. It is almost entirely an English Colony. . . . The Secretary, Mr. Everest, used to be a Clerk in the Treasury at Home, and now has a farm, and his wife and daughter run the best restaurant in the town. They took us there for ice-creams, and we sat in the back parlour and much enjoyed ourselves. . . . The Club rooms are very nice premises just opposite the hotel, with the Club flag waving and a large O.S. on the door. . . . We thoroughly enjoyed our visit to Lloydminster."

The new Branch have now taken much larger rooms and are starting out on a big membership campaign, which should be very successful.

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A VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES. Mr. Algernon Aspinall, C.M.G., Secretary of the West India Committee and a member of our Central Council, has just started for a few months' trip to the West Indies. He is hoping to be able to visit local Club centres. Our best wishes for a successful journey go with him.

OVERSEAS

News from Head-quarters.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Secretary, Mr. E. J. Gibson. The Los Angeles Branch, which was formally revived in August of this year, has now moved into new Club rooms at 211th Street South, Broadway. The event was celebrated by a very enjoyable carnival and dance with speeches and musical interludes, at which 200 Members and their guests were present. The Los Angeles Branch is doing the excellent work of helping British returned soldiers to find employment, and providing a comfortable Club room for their use while the job searching process is in progress. Mr. Brook Hawkins, the President, is the leading spirit in this matter and is working hard for the physical, social and business welfare of these returned boys.

* * * * *

OUR SALTILLO BRANCH.—It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of Mr. R. W. Carrington, H.C.S. of our Saltillo Branch. Mr. Carrington has done excellent work during his term of office for the cause, and his loss will be felt both in Saltillo and at Headquarters.

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THE REEF BRANCHES.—A special meeting of the Reef Branches to discuss future activities of the Over-Seas Club in the Transvaal was held in the Transvaal Hotel, Vogelfontein, one day in November. Boksburg, Germiston, Brakpan, Benoni, Springs and Johannesburg were represented and the business portion of the meeting was preceded by a very enjoyable dinner, at which some twenty delegates were present. The reports of the various speeches show how thoroughly the leaders of the Club Movement in South Africa understand our true aims. To give practical expression to them it was felt that three steps were essential : (1) That a paid whole-time Secretary should be appointed and placed at the disposal of the Transvaal Council, (2) That Club rooms should be found in Johannesburg, and (3) That all local patriotic bodies should be persuaded to join forces with the Over-Seas Club movement, and thus strengthen its hands. Mr. E. B. Dawkins, of Benoni, who has recently paid us a visit at Headquarters, delivered a special message from Mr. Wrench to the Transvaal Branches. H. D

A native chief lecturing on the merits of "Overseas" at the local Peace Celebrations. "Overseas" is being held up to view under the shadow of the Union Jack. Sent by Mr. F. W. Laslett, Magnet Heights, Dist. Lydenburg, Transvaal.

The Wonderful Record of the Babies of the Empire Society

By Sir Alexander Roger

The Wonderful Record of the Babies of the Empire Society.

A YEAR ago your Editor kindly afforded me an opportunity of saying something about the work of the Babies of the Empire Society, which had been founded by the Over-Seas Club. The Society has now been in existence for close upon two years, and in spite of the most adverse factors the Training Centre and Babies' Hospital has achieved wonders. Its success has been in every way beyond all expectation and the death rate has been less than 1 per cent., comparing with 15 per cent. to 40 per cent. and even higher in babies' hospitals dealing with similar cases.

The Society does not believe in effecting reform by means of pity and patronage extended to the poor. It is engaged in an effort to educate and teach those who are better off, more capable and self-reliant, so that they may be in a position to set an example to those who are less favoured.

The preliminary period is now completed ; the medical director, Dr. Truby King, C.M.G., who was granted leave by the New Zealand Government to establish work here on lines similar to those followed in New Zealand, is now returning to his own country.

It is impossible for the committee to over-estimate the magnificent work of Dr. Truby King. In the short time at his disposal he was able to give a fresh impetus to the work of infant welfare in Great Britain ; he aroused new enthusiasm among the enthusiasts, and brought to bear, with tremendous effect on our much too conservative ways, the revivifying and untrammelled methods for which he has made New Zealand for ever famous.

Although the committee much regret that Dr. Truby King's services are no longer immediately at their disposal, it is hoped and believed that he will return next year ; meanwhile, it is with satisfaction that they report that the medical direction will be assumed by St. Thomas's Hospital, thus ensuring continuity of the work. That hospital has been from the beginning keenly interested in the Society's activities and approves entirely of the methods and ideals for which the Society stands.

The work of the training centre may be summarised as follows :—

Babies admitted . .	137	Average stay in hospital	31 days.
Mothers ,, . .	60	,, ,, ,,	12 days.

Deaths : Babies, 1 ; mothers, nil.

Out-patients : approximately 582.

The Wonderful Record of the Babies of the Empire Society.

TRAINING.

Fully trained hospital nurses (3 months course)	27
Qualified midwives (6 months course)	11
Previously untrained (1 year course)	26
Total	64

Applications for training: between 700 and 800.

In addition to purely hospital work a large amount of propaganda work has been carried out by the Society through the dissemination of the Society's literature, by correspondence with kindred institutions and by lectures given by the medical director.

It is gratifying to record that at a medical conference held at the Ministry of Health, a series of most valuable and far-reaching resolutions were passed. These resolutions, bearing on the need for thorough and consistent teaching of the medical profession, nurses, midwives and the public generally in regard to maintaining and promoting the health and fitness of mother and child, are based on the methods advocated by this Society.

It should be remembered that in practically every case babies admitted to the training centre were in an ailing condition, and as an example of the cases treated I give the admissions for September.

ANALYSIS OF ADMISSIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1919.

Age when Admitted.	Weight at Birth.	Weight when Admitted.	Normal Weight for Age.	Amount under Normal Weight when Admitted.	Condition on Admission.
	lbs. ozs.	lbs. ozs.	lbs. ozs.	lbs. ozs.	
5½ months	8 0	10 9	16 0	5 7	Meningitis.
3 weeks	8 15	7 1	9 8	2 7	Emaciated, collapsed, almost moribund.
5½ months	6 4	7 13	13 8	5 11	Extremely wasted.
4½ ,,	6 0	8 9½	11 12	3 2½	Diarrhœa, vomiting, emaciated.
7½ ,,	7 13	17 5½	17 8	—	Diarrhœa and vomiting caused by weaning.
3 ,,	5 11	6 0¾	10 8	4 7	Emaciated and collapsed.
1¾ ,,	5 15	6 11¾	7 12	1 0¼	Under weight, vomiting.
6 weeks	8 0	8 6	9 12	1 6	Admitted with mother on account deficient milk supply.
3¼ months	7 10½	9 5¾	12 12	3 6¼	Acute colic, diarrhœa, very thin.
2¾ ,,	9 8	12 0½	12 0	—	Admitted with mother to restore failing milk supply.
2½ ,,	10 8	13 10	13 10	—	Do. do.
2 ,,	8 4	7 13	10 12	3 0	Do. do.
3 ,,	8 12	11 14¾	12 14	1 0	Do. do.
3¾ ,,	5 12	6 0¾	10 0	4 0	Emaciated.
3¼ ,,	7 6	9 0½	11 12	2 12	Very thin, restless and crying continuously.
11¾ ,,	7 0	18 12½	—	—	History of screaming day and night.
7 ,,	5 12	15 14	—	—	Bronchitis, sore buttocks, discharging eyes.

The Spanish Floods of September last.

Two Photographs taken as the Floods were abating, by Mr. E. Pearse, Puerto de Mazarron, Spain.

Cartagena "à la Venice." A corner of the Town Hall can be seen on the extreme left.

The Hotel de France, Cartagena. From marks on the pillar on the left one can see the level to which the water rose—well above the waiter's head.

Two Old Country Scenes.

Sussex Fields in Winter, and an Old Lancashire Cottage.

A winter scene—Landport, Lewes, Sussex. Sent by Mr. W. J. Young.

The Old Pillared House, Hawkshead, Lancashire. [*Abraham, Keswick.*

The Wonderful Record of the Babies of the Empire Society.

It would be impossible to bring home more convincingly than through the above table the splendid devotion with which the medical director, the matron (Miss Pattrick) and her staff have fought through a time of extraordinary difficulty.

The winter was almost through before suitable protective awnings could be made ; proper equipment was unobtainable, adequate heating and hot water was not to be thought of on account of the plumbing involved, coal and gas supplies and all such provisions were necessarily cut down and sugar of milk, ordinarily costing 1s. per lb., was prohibitive at ten times the price.

Throughout the long, grey, dreary winter, for the most part without any artificial heat whatever for most of the rooms, a housefull of tiny ailing children had to be sustained, nourished and brought from pain and misery to the enjoyment of life and health.

We have been warned that under any circumstances it was impossible within the pall of London mist and smoke to keep a number of infants together without a high mortality arising from mixed infections and other inevitable concomitants of taking little children out of their homes and herding them together. We were working under the shadow of infantile death rates which range, for such children as we had to deal with, between 15 per cent. to 40 per cent. of the admissions, and which to my knowledge have attained even higher figures within the last twelve months.

I need not say how well the children have done, but I do feel bound to point out one memorable episode and period of darkness, almost despair, when the great epidemic of influenza seized on the staff, prostrated two-thirds in bed at one time, and left the others working day and night—not only tending seventeen babies, but looking after their own associates and keeping up an apparently vain struggle against one misfortune after another.

Ir would have been Dr. Truby King's duty to enforce the closing of the institution, if any asylum could have been found in which to place the babies for whom we had become responsible. However, this was quite impossible. If Dr. King had been willing, the matron would not have consented, even when the circulation of hot water entirely ceased, and the bathing and washing arrangements for the whole institution had to be carried out for more than a week by means of water heated in ordinary kettles.

Now that all this is long passed one sees the great advantage of the experience. If there had been any doubt on the subject, it has proved beyond all cavil that it never is, and never can be, justifiable to have a high death-rate in infancy, and it shows how very simple are the requirements of little children, and how universally they could be provided if only the essential requirements were taught, explained and demonstrated to the whole womanhood of the country.

In addition to the foregoing difficulties, we have not been by any means free from financial difficulties, and in this connection the Society is doubly grateful to the Members of the Over-Seas Club who have shown continuous interest in the work, especially Members in the remoter parts of the Empire who have sent large monetary contributions.

Much remains to be done, however, before our methods are adopted throughout the country, and we appeal earnestly, therefore, for fresh financial assistance from all who are interested, in order to help us to carry on this great Imperial work.

ALEXANDER ROGER.

Overseas War Memorial

Wanted a Fairy God-father

[Every reader of "Overseas" is asked to read this article.—E. W.]

Overseas War Memorial.

THE Royal Colonial Institute, which is also appealing for funds to erect a suitable War Memorial in London as a lasting tribute to the great departed, has received a windfall of £25,000 from Mr. Hugh Denison, of New South Wales. While I was delighted to hear of the R.C.I.'s good luck, I could not help wishing that some believer in the world-mission of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League would give us a wonderful surprise of a like nature. It would be such a marvellous encouragement to those of us who are giving all our time and energy to the cause here at Headquarters. I have headed this short article "Wanted a Fairy God-father," for that is just what we require. Of the tens of thousands of people who will read these lines in the four quarters of the globe, is there just one who will be a fairy god-father to us?

I am jotting down these notes sitting by my fire-side in my flat in Westminster in the first week of the New Year. I have been wondering what special steps I ought to take to try to collect the £130,000 we still require by the end of the year. The total of our fund at the moment of writing is £20,000 odd. It suddenly occurred to me that I could not do better than speak to you from the heart about a project which is so dear to all of us who care for the future welfare of our movement.

Yesterday I heard of a rich man, his name would be familiar to many of you, who complained that he had been making so much money that, by way of a little excitement, he would be prepared to go in for any wild-cat scheme. How I pray that he may come to our help.

Collecting money is the most unpleasant part of my work. I hate it, and very often I almost make up my mind never to ask anyone for anything ever again. But then I see the vision of what our Society could become some day. The greatest non-party moral force in our Empire, housed in its own building within a stone's throw of Charing Cross. Yes, in its own home, belonging to you and me, to every Member of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, a building dedicated to Empire Service, and the unfinished task makes a fresh call. So here I am at the beginning of another year asking all my friends throughout the world to redouble their efforts, so that by our tenth birthday, on August 27th next, we may take a long jump forward. Yes, indeed, the words I have taken for

our heading, "Wanted a Fairy God-father," are true, but they do not go far enough. We want ten thousand fairy god-fathers and fairy god-mothers who care about our cause. Shall we find them before the end of 1920? I wonder.

DIED AT ETAPLES.—I enclose a cheque for £2 herewith, as another of my own personal small donations to the Overseas War Memorial in special memory of my cousin, Oliver Cromwell Wall, died of pneumonia, while on active service, in hospital at Etaples, 1918.—Mrs. A. F. Wall, 43, Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

6th EAST LANCS.—I am enclosing herewith my subscription to the Over-Seas Club, also a small donation to the War Memorial Fund in memory of my nephew, Capt. Robert Nigel Oldfeld Bartlett, late of the 6th East Lancashire Regt., Capt. of bombers, who fell in Mesopotamia, April 9th, 1917. I have had no less than eight of my direct family in the War and several blood relations. My nephew, Major Philip Bartlett, has also greatly distinguished himself in the Air Force and been decorated by King George.

We are getting together a little here on the Club formation, and hope it will work out all right.—R. V. Bartlett, 509, West 8th Street, Waterloo, Iowa, U.S.A.

HELP FROM PARAGUAY.—I have to-day asked my agent in Asuncion to forward you the sum of £13 for the Memorial building. Eight pounds of this amount is from Mr. John Forder, and £5 from Mr. and Mrs. Hawtrey and family. I hope you will have a good response to your appeal, for the idea is an excellent one. — Seymour Hawtrey, c/o The Yuty Timber Co., Ltd., Yuty, S America.

MY YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION.—Enclosed please find cheque for £1 10s. for my yearly subscription to the Memorial Fund.—G. S. Tuck, Ras Boradli, Aden.

"MY THIRD DONATION."—I enclose herewith postal notes value £3, part for 1920 renewal subscription and the balance I wish to go as my third donation to our War Memorial Fund in memory of my nephew, Raymond Hugh Murray, killed on active service in Palestine.—E. A. Murray, Hanover Road Station, Cape Province, S. Africa.

A SPLENDID UNDERTAKING.—I hope to send you more later on for the Memorial, for I think it is a splendid undertaking.—Miss I. M. Journeaux, The Briery, St. Martin's, Jersey, C.I.

We want the help of every reader of "Overseas" so that we can :—

(1) Erect in the heart of the Empire a building dedicated to the men of the

The "Overseas" War Memorial Scales.

The dial shows over £20,000 collected, of which £1,510 was received last month. We have still a long way to go before reaching the desired total of £150,000.

Overseas War Memorial.

Old Country and Overseas, which will be devoted to the interest of British subjects from across the seas for all time.

(2) Draw closer in the bonds of comradeship British subjects in all parts of the world.

The money in hand is invested in War Bonds, and a balance sheet of the Overseas War Memorial Fund will be prepared by our auditors, Messrs. E. Layton Bennett & Co., 81, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., and a copy sent in due course to every subscriber.

LIST No. 23.

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous Subscriptions received during the month of January, 1920	1,000	0	0
League of the Empire (Teachers), 48, Catherine Street, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, S.W. 1.	153	8	6
Halifax Branch, *per* H. Bradford, Halifax, N.S., Canada	100	0	0
W. A. Birrell, Casilla 263, Cochrane, Valparaiso, Chile	47	2	0
R. B. Croskey, 368, Calle 25 de Mayo, Asuncion, Paraguay (" *In memory of my nephew-in-law, Capt Logan Passy, and my nephew, Hubert H. Croskey* ")	20	0	0
A. H. Varnier, 46, Dover Street, W. 1.	20	0	0
R. W. Munro MacMillan £5 5 0			
Per R. W. Munro MacMillan, Fernleigh Road, Winchmore Hill, N. 21 12 10 0			
	17	15	0
F. W. White 5 16 0			
Per A. Gardner, St. Pierre Miquelon, Canada 8 9 0			
	14	5	6
Rev. George Strickland, On behalf of the Amuri natives of Aitutaki, *per* A. H. Browne, Esq., Aitutaki, Cook Islands	10	17	0
Pernambuco Branch, *per* E. G. Paton, c/o London and River Plate Bank, Pernambuco, Brazil	10	0	0
Mrs. H. E. Byng, Medfield, Mass., U.S.A.	10	0	0
Mrs. Thornberg, 270, Park Ave., New York City	10	0	0
Alex. C. Potter, Matagalpa, Nicaragua, Central America (" *In memory of the following: Donald R. Potter, killed near Jerusalem; John McPhail, killed in Gallipoli; O. A. Broomhall, killed in France* ")	10	0	0
W. A. Waterlow, Broken Wharf, Thames Street, E.C. 4.	5	5	0
V. Chernocke Smith, H.C.S., Fruitland Park, Florida, U.S.A.	5	5	0
H. P. Hope, c/o China Navigation Co., Shanghai (" *In memory of Sgt. H. R. Hope, 1st Tank Batt.* ")	5	5	0
G. M. Bullock, *per* R. S. Bullock, Wright, California	5	3	2
William Allnutt, *per* Charles Allnutt, Les Charmettes, Gold Hill, Farnham, Surrey	5	2	6
Mrs. A. F. Marshall, Spring House, Winteringham, Lincolnshire	5	0	0
Douglas G. Kirk, Estancia Ojo de Agua, El Divisorio, F.C.R., P.B., Argentine	5	0	0
R. J. Caruthers-Little, Pitchcombe House, nr. Stroud, Glos.	5	0	0
Thos. H. G. Brayfield, 3, Queens Buildings, Hongkong	5	0	0
Fred C. Metcalfe, Box 51, Asbury Park, N.J., U.S.A.	5	0	0
Miss L. E. Huet, 122, Bolsover Street, Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia (" *In memory of Capt. William M. Cameron, 26th Batt., A.I.F.; Warrant Officer Percy V. Fraser, Royal Flying Corps, Eng.; Lieut. Ivan N. Gair, 31st Batt., A.I.F.* ")	5	0	0
Lt. J. G. F. Pierce, The Vicarage, Brighton	5	0	0
H. K. Fowler, 490, Riverside Drive, New York, U.S.A.	5	0	0
H. J. Symonds, 58, Hook Road, Epsom, Surrey	5	0	0
W. H. Hammond, Cathedral High School, Fort, Bombay	5	0	0
Noel V. A. Croucher, Share Broker, Hongkong	5	0	0
Lionel S. Harland, Cheng Estate, Malacca, S.S. (" *In memory of my dear brother, Pte. Thomas Wm. Harland, 1st Surrey Rifles, H Co., 21st County of London* ")	5	0	0
John Shaw, 1609, Finance Building, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.	5	0	0
F. W. Salmon, c/o American Portuguese Crown Cork Co., Rua dos Fanqueriros 38, Lisbon	5	0	0
	£1,519	8	8
Total of sums received under £5	£168	10	0
Acknowledged last month	18,348	8	4
	£20,036	7	0

Home Nursing.—I.

[Mrs. Ernestine Mills, who edits our Home-Makers' pages, is ready to answer questions or to give any advice for which our readers may ask her.]

Home Nursing.

WE all know the story of the nurse who applied for a post, and on being asked where she was trained, replied, "I'm not trained—I'm gifted."

One cannot help feeling, absurd as the remark sounds, that there was a spark of reason in it, for though training is necessary, there never was a good nurse who was not gifted as well as trained. Nurses can be divided into three classes, the very good, the very bad, and the indifferent. The good, who take up the work because they love to serve—these are the born nurses, whose very presence brings healing and peace ; the bad, who choose the work because they love to command, who, with all the skill, knowledge, and courage in the world, seem to make the helpless patient feel more helpless, the weary one more weary. This kind of nurse is a born tyrant, and seems to think that the fact of having a broken leg, or influenza, reduces a person to a state of helpless imbecility ; to her a patient is merely "a case," and a case is a poor creature who is not to be allowed to have the smallest control over his own body or soul ! There remains the indifferent nurse, not highly trained, perhaps not trained at all, yet if she is kindly she is often the most useful and agreeable of nurses, indeed, if she can only be taught to do as she is told, many of us would prefer her to the more highly skilled professional.

We cannot all be trained nurses, but it falls to the lot of most women at some period of their lives to have to nurse a child, a relative, or a friend, and certain things which we can all learn will make us more useful when the time comes.

Those of us who live out of easy reach of medical aid should certainly make a point of mastering one of the many useful little books on home nursing and "First Aid." Simple bandaging, how to make a draw sheet, and a fomentation, how to wash a helpless patient, although we cannot be expert at these things without practice, a little knowledge is far less dangerous than none in a case of emergency. Most of us can, at any rate, learn so much as will prevent our doing harm until the doctor arrives, and indeed,

Home Nursing.

if we can only learn to keep our heads and not get scared, most of us can be of some use.

We have happily passed the age when we made our pills and potions at home, and when the lady of the house physicked her family with noxious compounds manufactured in the still room. Drugs form a far less important item in our housekeeping nowadays; we rely more upon diet, fresh air, and exercise to keep us in health. Elaborate instructions used to be given as to the preparation of the sick room, but our bedrooms ought never to be so furnished as to require much alteration to make them suitable for a spell of sickness. There is a tendency nowadays to banish people to nursing homes for the smallest operations, but as a matter of fact, most people—at any rate those who live in towns—can be equally well treated in their own homes if they have homes worthy the name, and in the case of nervous patients the shock of illness or operation is often greatly increased by their removal from their normal surroundings.

Imagine being taken from a comfortable, homely bedroom and transferred to a room such as we saw recently at a nursing home—it was an attic on the fourth floor, with an outlook upon the corner of a slate roof and countless chimneys. The walls of the room were painted a shiny bilious green, the floor was grey concrete, with one small brown mat beside the bed. The table was marble topped, the bed coverlet white cotton, the chair black polished wood with a cane seat. Such surroundings would make many of us feel ill at once. The charges at such places are often very high, though very little luxury is found either in the food or nursing. It is to be feared that in many cases the only reason for sending patients to such institutions is a reluctance on the part of their friends to take the responsibility and trouble of looking after them at home. We have known even small children sent from their own nurseries to strange hygienic attics for such simple operations as the removal of adenoids. As a matter of fact, there are few houses which do not possess one room which could, with a little trouble, be made sufficiently hygienic for the most fastidious of surgeons.

The most cheerful room in the house should be chosen for an invalid. If the case is surgical or infectious, remove all superfluous furniture, take up the carpet if there is one, thoroughly clean and polish the floor. Have no curtains except of a cheerful washable material; if they do not exclude the light when drawn, they should be lined with dark green or blue cotton material. Arrange the bed not to face the light, but never in a dark corner. It is always best to have a bed arranged so that one can read without artificial light. It is curious how often one sees bedrooms in which it is quite impossible to read in bed comfortably. Everything which collects dust should be removed from the sick room, but there is seldom need to remove every picture from the walls, the glass and frames

can be easily disinfected if necessary. In long illness it is often a relief to a patient to have the pictures changed ; we remember a bedridden lady who used to have all the pictures in the house brought in turn and hung where she could see them, instead of gazing day after day at the same one. A comfortable armchair is indispensable in the sick room, not only for the nurse, but because it is often a great relief for a weak patient who would not be equal to sitting up in an ordinary bedroom chair. The old prejudice against gas fires does not hold good if they are properly fixed with a flue or in the fireplace. The slight noise they make is sometimes trying to an invalid, and if expense is no object the silent glow of an electric radiator is preferable. If a coal or wood fire has to be used it is often desirable to have a screen between it and the patient at night, lest a sudden flare of light disturb him. A black velvet fingerless glove is most useful for putting coal on quietly, and obviates the troublesome plan of wrapping each piece of coal in paper. If food has to be prepared or warmed during the night, this is best done in an adjoining room, if possible ; a gas ring or an electric kettle are immensely convenient ; failing these one of the little heaters used for infants' food, with a double saucepan heated by a nightlight, will be found a handy substitute. **Home Nursing**

ERNESTINE MILLS.

The Best Way

Every sender of a "Best Way" tip is entitled to nominate a friend to receive six free issues of "Overseas."

The Best Way.

TO PREVENT PARAFFIN OR KEROSINE LAMPS FROM SMOKING. Soak the new wicks in vinegar, hanging them up to dry before using them in the lamp.

TO KEEP POTATOES FRESH.—If potatoes show signs of going mouldy or bad, dip them in boiling water and dry in the sun.

TO KEEP CUT FLOWERS FRESH.—Put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water.

TO KEEP CHEESE FRESH.—Cover with a cloth dipped in vinegar.

TO KEEP BUTTER FRESH.—Take one ounce saltpetre, two ounces sugar, two pounds salt. Put these into a pan and pour over them a quart of boiling water. Stand it aside until cold, strain off and put the butter into this clear pickle. It will keep sweet and hard in hot weather.

TO CLEAN SPONGES. Rinse out in vinegar, and then in boiling water.

TO CLEAN RUSTY FLATIRONS.—Beeswax and salt will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for this purpose. When the irons are hot rub them with the wax rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt. —Miss F. E. Cowburn, 36, Stafford Road, Brighton, Sussex.

LINSEED TEA (an old fashioned remedy for a cough). A quart of water, two ounces of whole linseed, the juice and rind of two small lemons, two ounces of sugar, a small stick of liquorice. Boil gently for an hour, strain, and use cold. A very soothing drink for colds and coughs.

The Best Way.

LINOLEUM ON STONE FLOORS.—If a stone or flagged floor is covered with linoleum this will often be found to wear quickly into holes in places where the floor is uneven. To remedy this, and also to prevent dampness, which rots the linoleum, it is an excellent plan to fill up all cracks and holes with dry sawdust. Spread it evenly over the whole floor to a depth of about an inch. Then lay over this the thick paper felt which is sold by most dealers in linoleum and carpets. The linoleum is then laid in the ordinary way over the felt. Keep the seams between the sheets of paper, which is about four feet wide, away from the seams of the linoleum, or the sawdust may rise through. In cementing it down use freshly made paste of thin glue and flour, coat the edges of the seams thickly, and press them down on the felt paper. It is always best to leave linoleum or oilcloth on the floor for a week or two before cementing it, as it tends to stretch when first laid.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.—Scrambled haddock. Boil a dried haddock in water until it separates easily from the bone (this will be in from five to ten minutes, according to size). Scrape all the fish from the bone and skin, put it in a saucepan with a little milk, a small piece of margarine or butter, and pepper to taste. Stir until very hot, and serve hot on buttered toast.

POTATO SOUP.—Six potatoes and two onions ; boil and rub through a wire sieve, add milk until the consistency of cream, pepper and salt to taste and a little finely chopped parsley. Boil up, and serve hot.

COFFEE CREAM (a nourishing sweet dish).—Make a custard with half a pint of milk and two eggs. Take half a gill of strong coffee, dissolve in it one ounce of gelatine and three ounces of castor sugar, stir this lightly into the custard while hot, pour into a mould to set. Serve with whipped cream.

TO ECONOMISE IN COAL.—When there is a good foundation of red cinders, make a parcel of slack by wrapping a large shovelful in half a newspaper, place it on the fire and pour at least a pint of water slowly over it. In about half an hour this will have coagulated, the paper will have burnt away, the fire will slowly burn up, throw out a good heat and will remain in for two or three hours without being replenished.—Mrs. M. E. Younghusband, c/o G.P.O., Auckland, New Zealand.

A near view of an Iceberg, taken by Mr. J. W. Shannon, Ropemaker Street, E.C. 2.

"In a Barren and Dry Land where no Water is"

The Story of a Terrible Drought

"In a Barren and Dry Land where no Water is."

I DO not think that people at home, who have never experienced such a thing, can ever imagine what a really bitter drought, such as we have had in this country for the past year and more, is like. It is one of the worst droughts on record, and has extended over such an immense stretch of country—the Transvaal, the Free State, and the whole of the Eastern Province. Transport is delayed because the oxen are too weak to draw loads ; when the lambs and kids are born their throats have to be cut, because their mothers are too weak to nourish them ; wild birds fall dead from the boughs with thirst ; wild animals become tame, and approach the homestead in search of water. Some are driven from their usual habitats and appear in parts of the country where they have never been seen before—usually near the coast, where there is always a certain amount of rain. As for the human beings, they have to do without milk, butter and green vegetables ; and the farmer's life, from sunrise to sunset, is one continual struggle to keep things alive, and to find a supply of water, however scanty, however hard, perhaps even brackish.

I will describe what I saw myself, recently, on a farm in the Eastern Karroo. The " veld," for miles and miles, looked as if it had been blasted and scorched ; the river was a dry stony gully ; the pretty garden was bare and dead, the trees cut down, the beauty gone.

The farmer rose at daylight to cut up food for his stock. The only living bush was prickly pear, and other kinds of cactus, which must first have the thorns burnt off before they are fit for food ; they must then be cut up, for which purpose he had two petrol machines, one out in the veld and one at the homestead, which he and his native boys worked at all day. Petrol is expensive and sometimes scarce.

He had sent away all his cattle and horses to a distant farm, where they could still get water and grazing, and he had only two oxen, whose sole work was to ride casks of water from a dam a mile away.

His motor-car had to do everything else—carry bags of meal and maize from the village, and sacks of cut-up bush from the veld. He had about forty natives on his farm who all required food and water. We could not even find a bit of green stuff for the two little pet canaries.

The farmhouse had a small tank, open at the top, which was filled up for the household use. One morning the family found nineteen small tortoises round the tank. They could smell the water, but could not reach it. Now the tortoise is a very shy animal ; he draws in his head as soon as any one comes near, and makes tracks. But these poor little tortoises allowed people to pick them up and hold them to the water, when they put out their heads, and drank and drank as if they would never stop.

How earnestly I hope that by the time this reaches you these drought-stricken places may have been visited with life-giving rain !

MISS A. L. HOWARTH.

80, Park Drive, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

What's On?—a Survey of the London Stage

What's On—a Survey of the London Stage.

THE prosperity of London theatres during the War and at the present time is an established fact. Never before have the managers reaped a richer harvest, never have theatres been so crowded. In the War the phenomenon was easy of explanation ; the fighters, both at home or on leave, wanted relaxation from the strain of fighting. This being so, and mere amusement being the demand, the British stage was said to have suffered a temporary relapse, to have gone through " a bad time." And, indeed, judged solely by the quality of the stuff that attracted, this appears to have been the case. Revue, musical comedy, plays of the lightest sort attracted huge audiences, while little or no attempt was made to cater for the more serious side of drama or to vary the type of programme.

But now all this is changed. The craze for playgoing continues. There are not nearly enough theatres to accommodate would-be productions. Matinees are far more numerous than of old, and even music halls have been pressed into the service of the regular theatres to accommodate plays ; but the type of play presented was never so varied. If we survey the different entertainments now being presented at London theatres, what do we find ? Musical comedy, revue, comedy, tragedy, melodrama, drama, opera, farce, pantomime (with children's Christmas plays) and . . . . . George Bernard Shaw and Shakespeare. There are also certain " original plays " which are difficult to classify in any particular category. Surely never before was there such variety of choice for the playgoer. So many different types to select from, such cosmopolitanism, so to speak, in the world of the theatre.

It has been a long fight between musical comedy and revue and the former seems to have won the day (though the latter is by no means done with). The victor seems a type that the British are never tired of, and indeed, considering that its ingredients are songs, music, dresses, girls and comedians, it is natural that if these are of the best quality and well mixed the resultant dish should be an appetising one ; while revues, though even more plotless than musical comedy, occasionally require just that amount of effort to appreciate them that the average playgoer begrudges ; be that as it may, we find at least nine theatres given up to what are frankly musical plays. These include " Who's Hooper " (Adelphi), " The Maid of the Mountains " (Daly's), " The Kiss Call " (Gaiety), " Kissing Time " (Winter Garden), " Baby Bunting " (Shaftesbury), " The Red Mill " (Empire), " Maggie " (Oxford), " Afgar " (Pavilion), and " The Eclipse " (Garrick). " The Maid of the Mountains " calls itself the

What's On—a Survey of the London Stage.

biggest musical comedy success of the century, and the claim is probably justified. "Afgar," called an "extravaganza," has a spice of Eastern liveliness to recommend it. "The Eclipse" proclaims itself a "musical farce." Nearly all engage the services of popular artists whose names are well known to playgoers and are a guarantee of individual cleverness. George Graves, W. H. Berry, Grossmith, Delysia, Little Tich, Alfred Lester, and Huntley Wright, one and all they minister to the need of English people for musical comedy of the orthodox type.

The boom in revue is not so great as it was, but at least four houses are announcing this type of attraction. The Hippodrome revues seem to be the hardy annuals of the London stage, and the present one, "Joy Bells," is to me a type, a lavish magnificence in mounting, big "scenas" and George Robey are its chief attractions. "The Whirligig" at the Palace is another of Mr. de Courville's revues with less well known names as the chief exponents, while "Buzz-Buzz" at the Vaudeville (which has reached its 500th performance) and "Bran-Pie" at the Prince of Wales are both examples of the intimate, "brainy," smart species of revue, where the happy company with a modest *mise en scène* work together in complete harmony to interpret the really clever humour provided by the authors.

Somewhat of a novelty is comedy, and a *rara avis* of late years on the London stage, but to-day we have plenty of it in somewhat different forms. "Tilly of Bloomsbury" (Apollo) we may call slightly extravagant comedy with a superexcellence of cast. "Three Wise Fools" (The Comedy), "The Cinderella Man" (Queen's), and "Daddies" (Haymarket) are of the sentimental type which, even if a trifle sickly, never fails in normal times to appeal to an English audience. "Mr. Pim Passes By" (New Theatre) is by the sub-editor of "Punch"—one of our best modern humorists—while the success of the matinees of "Little Women" at the Holborn Empire are the just reward of clean, pleasant comedy with an old-fashioned flavour.

A really good farce is a difficult thing to write, and hence outstanding successes in this particular sort of play are rare. It is good, however, to notice the brief appearance of "Charley's Aunt" at the "Royalty" and the old lady's Christmas visits to town seem to have become permanent. "Home and Beauty" at the Playhouse and "Lord Richard in the Pantry" (Criterion) might perhaps best be labelled as farcical comedies. The former causes roars of laughter over what is rather a *risqué* theme. The latter, with plenty of excellent farcical situations, serves to reintroduce to the London stage, after a lengthy absence from it, two popular artists in Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Connie Ediss.

Drama and melodrama are types of plays difficult to write well,

What's On a Survey of the London Stage.

but in "The Crimson Alibi" (Strand Theatre) we have an exciting, well constructed, well acted play that sustains the playgoers' interest until the very last moment. In "In the Night" (Kingsway) the human love interest is cleverly mingled with the melodramatic strain, and the result is a highly successful stage entertainment. "Tiger Rose" at the Savoy is exciting, thrilling stuff in which Miss Marjory Campbell, a Canadian actress, has made good.

Half a dozen other plays are rather more indeterminate in their classifications. Everyone has been to see the wonderful "Chu Chin Chow" (His Majesty's), and this combination of music and Eastern magnificence has created a record in long runs that will be hard to beat. "The Choice" (Wyndham's) and "The Voice from the Minaret" (Globe) are both thoroughly interesting productions from the pens of two of our best known authors. The former is magnificently acted. Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love" (Aldwych) is a trenchant but slightly morbid bit of work. "The Bird of Paradise" (Lyric) a human play set in beautiful local colour. The fine historical study of "Abraham Lincoln" has drawn playgoers from all parts of London to Hammersmith for over a year.

Shakespeare is represented on the London stage at the present moment by the two tragedies of "Julius Cæsar" (St. James's), "Hamlet" (Covent Garden), and "The Merchant of Venice" (Court). In the former, two of our leading English actors are appearing in the persons of Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. Martin Harvey, while at the Court, Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, a Jewish actor, has made a great success. Light opera is represented at the Ambassadors Theatre by "Sylvia's Lovers." The unique work of G. B. Shaw and of Gilbert and Sullivan in collaboration is exemplified by "Arms and the Man" (Duke of York's) and the opera "Repertory Season" at the Prince's Theatre. The Drury Lane and Lyceum pantomimes are as successful as usual, while new and old children's plays have included "Peter Pan" (New Theatre), "Where the Rainbow Ends," "Bluebell in Fairyland," "Fifinella" (Scala), and "Once Upon a Time" (St. Martin's), and at the Duke of York's Theatre matinee performances of French plays are being given.

What, then, must be the verdict on the state of the English theatre? Surely a favourable one, for on all sides we see an upward tendency. The musical play of some sort, as we have tried to indicate, must be always with us as a cheerful entertainment. But the variety and the multiplicity of type at present being submitted to London audiences is a good sign. The triple presentation of Shakespearian plays is significant, and on all hands we see indications that good taste and a desire for what is best has not been killed by the War, but that the British drama (like the British Army) is "all right!"

A. A. T. P.

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

" Tho' we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

Emerson.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

THE IDEAL HOME.—There are signs on every hand that we are turning our serious attention to the question of our homes ; how they should be built, how they should be equipped, how they should be run. And with its usual enterprise, the *Daily Mail* is holding an Ideal Home Exhibition this month at Olympia. In my notes for March I will try and give you my impressions and tell you something of what I learnt there.

Meanwhile, here are some points it is worth while to mention in connection with the First Prize Labour-Saving House, designed by Mr. C. J. Kay, a young provincial architect.

The house itself has two stories and contains three sitting-rooms and five bedrooms. All angles and corners are rounded so that there is nowhere for dust to settle. There are no bannisters to dust, but a dull glass plate reinforced with bronze mesh and mounted by a wooden handrail. The windows are so hung that they may be cleaned on both sides from within. The kitchen and larder will make every housewife sigh with envy. All the furniture is fitted with ball-bearing castors, even the electric range being movable. The larder is fitted with removable glass and enamelled steel shelves and a built-in food safe, from which the whole of the cold water supply of the house circulates.

The dishes from the kitchen pass to the dining-room through a smell-proof buttery hatch on electric hot plates. The tradesmen leave their parcels in self-locking cupboards with reversible slates on the doors on which the mistress or the cook has written her instructions; but I have said enough to show you that this is a very ideal house indeed. And the only question which remains to be answered is when shall we have such houses to live in ?

A PLEASANT ENCOUNTER.—Down in Chelsea, where I live, there are several delightful little restaurants frequented by artists. These restaurants have an " atmosphere " all their own. They are free and easy and unconventional, and the waitresses take a personal interest in their customers. One is being run by three

From a Woman's Standpoint.

"Waacs," who call themselves "The Good-Humoured Ladies" after the famous Russian ballet.

Perhaps the most delightful of them all is known as "The Blue Cockatoo," where you may sit in peace and eat your meal looking out over the river flowing by restfully, ceaselessly. Here one day I spied a lady wearing an Over-Seas Club badge, so plucking up my courage I asked her if she was a Member.

Her face broadened into a smile at once and she told me she had joined in Switzerland and always read "Overseas" with delight, all of which was very pleasant to hear. And it was refreshing not to have to try and "explain" the Club; so many people in the Old Country still possess but a lamentable, hazy idea of what we stand for and why we exist.

AMERICA OUTDONE.—For once, England has outdone America. Here in London we have actually got a drapery stores with the longest shop frontage in the world, nearly one thousand feet in length!

Down in Kensington, as every visitor to London knows, are situated, side by side, John Barker, Ltd., and Derry and Tom's, both famous houses. Now John Barker has swallowed up Derry and Tom's, and is going to turn the combined premises into a very wonderful place indeed, an open store, in the continental fashion, where we shall be able to buy our frills and furbelows without being pestered and badgered by elegant young ladies, who want to know, sometimes before we know it ourselves, what we want.

Barker's, so rumour says, is to contain its own Cinema Theatre, a Concert Hall, and is about to persuade the Underground Railway to build an up-to-date station within its premises.

ENGLAND, A TREASURE HOUSE.—From one point of view London is looking up. For a mighty city, no doubt we are very shabby, and in many ways behind the times. Yet some of the contemplated changes will sweep away with them cherished traditions, and landmarks of a gracious and dignified past we can ill afford to do without.

If I had my way, these little islands would be cherished and protected by every means from the hand of vandal and philistine. They should be kept as a treasure-house for all that is beautiful and historical, for there is scarcely a spot that does not teem with associations, or which is not connected in some way with one of the great names of our glorious past.

"LITTLE WOMEN."—There must be very few homes in the British Empire where that delightful series of stories by Louisa Alcott is not known. We all know and love as intimate friends Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy who are quite as real to us as our childhood friends. We have

From a Woman's Standpoint.

such a vivid picture in our minds and hearts of that American home and of those charming American children, that it is part and parcel of our lives. At any rate that is how I feel, and I know that when I first crossed the Atlantic and saw a long slip of land lying low on the horizon, and knew that I was looking at America, the country of my dreams, my heart beat with excitement, as I thought "There is the country where Emerson lived and wrote, and there, where Jo and her family had their home." Feeling thus, it was with some trepidation that I suggested to a tall young goddaughter who loved the March family, as I did, that we should go together to see "Little Women." What if our ideals should be shattered, and the stage presentation spoil our cherished conceptions? However, we thought it worth the risk and went. And oh! Joy! we were not disappointed.

We lived through again with Jo her sorrow when she sold her beautiful hair; we shared her literary struggles and her triumphs: we shed silent tears—at least I did, I did not like to look at my goddaughter—as we watched the gentle little Beth fade away; we rejoiced with the lovers, when they were all finally and happily paired off. It is true that Laurie in the flesh was not the Prince Charming of my dreams, and the German Professor had changed into a somewhat dapper Frenchman, but these were trifles, and as we emerged from the theatre, we felt the March family belonged to us as much and more than ever. I advise my readers to see the play if they have the opportunity.

A WAYFARER.

The Babies of the Empire

Babies of the Empire.

Dr. Truby-King and Miss Pattrick are no longer with us. They have both sailed for New Zealand, but it may be said in all sincerity that "their works do follow them." Much ground has been broken, and, as Dr. Truby-King himself says, "a beginning has been made," but it is a beginning with which we who have worked with him are more than satisfied.

It is not too much to say that, during the eighteen months that Dr. Truby-King and Miss Pattrick have acted as Medical Director and Matron of our Training Centre, the standard of such institutions throughout the country has been raised to a higher level.

We have beaten every known record in the British Isles for the number of sick babies who have passed through our hands who have regained health and strength. Only one baby has died out of 140 odd ailing babies which we have had under our care.

Friends and supporters need have no fear that the work will be altered or will suffer unduly under the new *régime*. We are being medically supervised by St. Thomas's Hospital, and Miss Liddiard, a St. Thomas's sister, who has taken a course of training with us, and who has worked loyally and enthusiastically as Staff Sister under Miss Pattrick, is now our Matron. We are very fortunate to have secured her services.

WINIFRIDE WRENCH.

By A. St. John Adcock

My Month's Reading.

NO man would profiteer in houses, coal, clothing, or food if he were quite in his right mind and had imagination enough to realise what he is doing. For, in plain terms, he is robbing the dead on Calvary again, and turning to his private profit the agony, the self-sacrifice, the martyrdom of the men who have died that he might live. The War that meant torture and death to millions is nothing to him but a business opportunity ; it has brought wide distress upon his country and he takes advantage of that to prey ruthlessly even on the mothers and widows and children of those who gave up all to save him when he was trembling in fear of destruction. He is the most contemptible type of money-hog, and, if only that he should be made to know what blood and tears are on the wealth he is filching from his fellows, I wish he might read three books that have come my way this month. These are Georges Duhamel's "Civilisation," Mrs. Helen Mackay's "Chill Hours," and Francis Yeats-Brown's "Caught by the Turks."

CIVILISATION.—They are all stories of the War. They differ widely in style and treatment, but are at one in their attitude towards the shame and the tragedy of it. In one or two of his stories Duhamel is almost as squalidly and revoltingly realistic as Zola ; probably some may protest that such sickening details are unspeakable and ought to be unprintable, but if we are too squeamish to read of these horrors, we should be also too squeamish to send men out to endure them. We ought to be compelled to read the beastly facts of war, instead of having them discreetly hidden from us that the thing which is so vile and barbarous to its victims may still seem romantic and glorious to those of us who have never looked upon it. The League of Nations hangs fire because so many of us have gone through the War without sharing its dangers. Duhamel is right not to spare us its revolting details ; they are at least a substitute for the personal knowledge that must have had a wholesome and civilising effect upon us. But it is the pity, the suffering, the terror, even more than the loathsomeness of it all that he brings home to you in his tales. He is by turns tender and cynical, or wryly humorous, and moves you at once with pity and admiration of the men who could pass through such a merciless inferno and remain so grimly courageous and indomitably human.

My Month's Reading.

"I do not speak of God," says the surgeon, in his story of "Lieutenant Dauche"; "the very idea of God seems to be detached from this immense calamity. I do not speak of God, but of men. They must be told quite simply: there are wounds which we cannot cure. Therefore let them stop inflicting such wounds, and the question will not arise again. That is a solution; but the members of my profession are too proud to make that suggestion to the world, and the world is too mad to listen." When he is in the operating chamber and sees all the marvellous scientific inventions and organisation for patching up the mangled bodies of the wounded, he cannot see in these any evidence of civilisation. Yet, he says bitterly, "Civilisation—the true civilisation—exists. I often think of it. In my mind it is the harmony of a choir chanting a hymn; it is a marble statue on an arid, burnt-up hillside; it is the Man who said, 'Love one another,' or 'Return good for evil.' But for two thousand years these phrases have been merely repeated, and the chief priests have too much vested interest in temporal things to conceive anything of the kind." Of wireless, the monstrous steriliser, the shining forceps, he adds, "civilisation is not in this terrible trumpery; and if it is not in the heart of man, then it exists nowhere."

THE TRAGEDY OF WAR.—The pain and intolerable tragedy of the War are brought home to you as poignantly, but more reticently and with a more delicate beauty of style and vision in Mrs. Mackay's "Chill Hours," sharply etched, wonderfully vivid pictures of what life meant to the soldiers and the common people of France in those latter days when the Germans were broken and victory was within sight. They are of little incidents, tense dramatic moments in the hospital, or in the home that has been made desolate, and are written with an exquisite sympathy and revealing art that show how the strength and sweetness of the human spirit was still a light amid the darkness of scenes that were else too full of heartbreak and despair.

"CAUGHT BY THE TURKS."—Captain Yeats-Brown has a blessed gift of humour. I have read many records by prisoners of war, but none that has been more brilliantly written or more entirely interesting than his "Caught by the Turks." His descriptions of places and events, and his character sketches are admirable. He set out in an aeroplane, just before the battle of Ctesiphon, to cut the telegraph wires beyond Bagdad, but the machine came to grief in landing, and he and his pilot fell into the hands of the Turks. He pays a warm tribute to certain Turkish soldiers, to one officer in particular, who treated them with the most generous humanity and friendliness; but there is another side to the picture, and even the brutalities of the German prison camps pale beside his revelations

My Month's Reading.

of the foul and verminous holes into which so many of our soldiers were flung by the Turks to die of starvation and neglect.

The most thrilling episodes in the book, perhaps, are the stories of how the author was captured, and of the later and, at last, successful attempts he and a comrade made to escape, aided by an English woman, the Edith Cavell of Constantinople. But the whole narrative is alive with movement and romance, and its romance is its reality. One of his haunting little character sketches is that of the English officer at Afton-kara-hissar who led the prisoners when they were marched through the streets to be interned in an Armenian church, a strange figure "in pyjamas and a bowler hat (this being the sum of his possessions) who waved his crutch as a conductor's baton. (Alas ! his cheery voice is stilled, for he died in hospital a year later, R.I.P.) I can still see him hobbling along—a tall figure in pink pyjamas, with one leg swinging (bandaged to the size of a bolster) and his hat askew, and his long chin stuck out defiantly—hymn-writer and hero manque—fit leader of lost causes and of our fantastic pageant to that church." You have a later glimpse of him in the church, while they are celebrating somebody's birthday, in defiance of the guards, with song and festivity, when he "the Master of the Ceremonies, still in pyjamas and bowler hat, rises on his sound leg and standing (swaying slightly) at the head of the table, raps on it with his crutch for silence."

But as well as the humours and excitement, the romance and hardships of his experience, Captain Yeats-Brown gives you something of what he learned from the suffering that fell upon enemies and friends around him. He saw the effect of "the cruelty of profiteers" on the starving children of Constantinople. "Only prisoners, I think, see the full absurdity of war," he says. "Only prisoners, to begin with, fully realise the gift of life. And only prisoners see war without its glamour, and realise completely the suffering behind the lines ; the maimed, the blind, the women who weep. Only by a few of us in happy England has the full tragedy of war been realised. Mere words will never record it, but prisoners know 'the heartbreak in the heart of things.' To us who have been behind the scenes, far from the shouting and the tumult and the captains and the kings, the wretchedness of it all remains indelible. Nothing can make us forget the broken men and women whose woes will haunt our times."

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—General Literature : "Civilisation," by Georges Duhamel. Translated by T. P. Conwil-Evans. 6s. net. (Swarthmore Press.) "Chill Hours," by Helen Mackay. 6s. net. (Melrose.) "Caught by the Turks," by Francis Yeats-Brown. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.) "From Friend to Friend," by Lady Ritchie. 6s. net. (Murray.) "The Romance of Madame Tussauds," by John T. Tussaud. 21s. net. (Odham.) Poetry : "Seventeenth Century English Verse," Chosen and Edited by H. J. Massingham. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

All Members are invited to make free use of this section.

Members' Exchange.

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED.—Miss E. May, Spencer Street, Maitland, Cape Town, S. Africa.—"By the last mail I received my first "Overseas," and greatly enjoyed it. I hoped to find something about a Correspondence Branch, and was very pleased when I did so. I have two friends in France, and my sister has one in Australia and Canada, so I should like my correspondents to be in other parts of the world—say Sweden, Italy or South America (Argentine Republic). I am 17 years old. I do not think there are any special subjects in which I am interested, but when I commence to correspond, I am sure my friend and I will find something to talk about. I am only a young girl, but will use all my influence to get others to join the Club, and am looking forward eagerly to the next magazine, as it seems to bring one in touch with all parts of the world."

John Evans, P.O. Box 141, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W. Indies.—"I would be glad to make friends with a few Members in England."

Francis H. T. Merrow, Apartado No. 113-Bis, Mexico, D.F., Central America.—"I would be very grateful if any young lady in the United Kingdom would drop me a line now and then, letting me know how things are getting on in our right little tight little Island, as, out at the Oil Camps on the Coast, where I am expecting to be sent, there are very few white people, no white girls, and no dancing or social things of any sort, and it cheers one up immensely to get a line from home."

Miss E. A. Kriel, "The Falls," Barkly East, Cape Province, S. Africa, would be pleased to correspond with Members in any part of the world.

INFORMATION OFFERED OR REQUIRED, ETC.—Mrs. F. Greig, 33, Harcourt Road, Pokesdown, Bournemouth.—"My husband will be pleased to give any information required as regards Jamaica should any Member be in need of it. As he was there for twenty-five years as a sugar planter, he is in a position to advise."

F. H. Hawkins, Grasmere, Serpentine Road, Harborne, Birmingham.—"I have been engaged in tea planting in Assam for twenty-one years, and might be of assistance to fellow Members who are either going out there, or wish for information as to possible openings, etc. I shall at all times be pleased to answer such inquiries."

Robert Stride, St. Thomas, Bureau of Information, No. 1, Main Street, Charlotte Amalie, V.I., U.S.A.—"I am a reliable representative, a personal friend of Consul Stewart, and would be willing to give information about these islands to those requiring it."

Eric Rogerson, 128, Earl's Court Road, Amesbury, Wilts.—"Are there any Members with whom you could place me in touch with around this district, such as Salisbury, Andover, etc. Although I know a good many men folk round here I don't know any one of the fairer sex. It makes things so much easier for one to have a few lady friends, as I am a very lonely individual."

A. F. Clease, Graham Landing, Arrow Lakes, British Columbia, Canada.—"I shall be glad to correspond with any one interested in and desiring information about this part of Canada."

Members' Exchange.

A: Watson, c/o Messrs. Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.—"I should like to correspond with Members interested in office system and management with a view to exchanging ideas on office routine and system as carried out in modern business practice. Helpful hints will be most acceptable now."

T. W. Giap, Talaingtein Quarter, Tavoy, Lower Burma.—"I should be very pleased to correspond with Members interested in mining (wolfram and tin), especially those from the Straits and Lower Siam."

Mr. S. H. Overton, 99, Tudor Road, Cardiff, Wales, is most anxious to get into touch with Members resident in the West Indies, at present in London, with a view to obtaining general information regarding these islands. Perhaps they will kindly communicate with him at the above address."

J. Baring-Gould, Sibu, Sarawak, Asia.—"I am anxious to find out about flax-growing in the East African Colonies, and their climatic conditions, as I propose to settle there should conditions be favourable. If any Members could assist me in any way I should be much obliged."

Sergt. J. Foddy, 7, Midland Terrace, Ashley Road, Hale, Cheshire.—"I would be pleased to hear of opportunities for 'plate moulders' in New Zealand."

"Fiji," c/o Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.—"I wish to get in touch with a Member in South Africa who is well informed in general storekeeping. I am a Scot, 40 years of age, and have twelve years' experience of store management in Fiji, trading with whites, natives and Indian coolies. I have always had a desire to go to South Africa, but have no friends there. Should any O.S. Member care to correspond with me, I should be glad to hear from him."

Geo. O. Lyon, Essex Road, Surrey Hills, near Melbourne.—"If any one, for literary purposes or otherwise, would be pleased to have some authentic information regarding life and adventures in the Australian bush for thirty years, they can write to me and make an offer. I am a life member of the Royal Colonial Institute and a justice of Peace for Queensland. It would have to be through a shorthand writer."

Mr. H. R. Deane, "Fleetwood," Kroonstad, O.F.S., S. Africa, "is anxious to get into touch with one or two women to work in connection with his poultry business, gardening and bee-keeping. All communications should be addressed as above."

Miss C. C. Brady, Villa Olga, Cap d'Antibes, A.M., France.—"I was much interested in Mr. Hugh G. Murray's (of Middelburg, S. Africa) communication in which he states he believes in the Anglo-Israelite truth. I am of the same persuasion and wonder how many others of the O.S. League are also. I wish some would send me a card. I am puzzled to know how all those solemn prophecies can be otherwise fulfilled. We are living in such solemn days. Another thing is, I have a number of copies of the *New Magazine* from No. 1 to dispose of if any one wants them, also back numbers of *Chamber's Journal* and *Woman at Home*.

Geo. T. Crouch, H.M. Submarine "L. 8," Malta.—"If there are any Members at the place where this boat is lying who would like to view the boat, I should only be too pleased to give them my assistance as far as possible. As far as I know at present, I shall be here for a few months."

"Rhodesian," c/o Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.—"Could any Member give me information about a still for treating maize or sweet potatoes for making spirit suitable for motor cars? At least ten gallons of spirit per day would be the capacity required of the still. What would such cost? and how is the process

carried out. Being over a thousand miles from the coast, petrol is very costly, hence the idea of locally made spirit."

Miss L. Mugford, The Enterprise Club, Bury Street, London, E.C. 3., "collects peasants' caps and national headgear, and would be most grateful for contributions. Please state what required in exchange."

TO TEACHERS OVERSEAS.—"I am hoping to be able to gain some experience in overseas teaching, exchanging with a Dominion teacher, so am much interested in the information in the magazine. I would like to correspond with teachers overseas." Miss Ethel Robin, 105, Waller Road, New Cross, S.E. 14.

PHILATELY.—Mr. W. H. Ramsay, H.C.S. of Guantanamo, Cuba, "would be glad if Members interested in stamp collecting would communicate with Mr. George Wolcott-Hunter, Mfg. & Commission Co., 58—60, Worth Street, New York City, U.S.A."

Miss I. M. Johnston, "Kinlough," Glenageary Road, Kingston, Co. Dublin, Ireland, is anxious to exchange stamps with other collectors in any country; also she will be glad of any information about the Channel Islands—climate, rents, cost of living and full particulars.

J. L. McKay, Box 50, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.—"I have a number of Victoria Falls issue used and unused stamps in perfect condition. Also interesting snapshots of South Africa for sale. I would also like to be put in touch with one or two English girls about my own age, 16—19."

Douglas B. Armstrong, Editor, "Philatelic News Service," 76, Norfolk House Road, Streatham, S.W. 16, will be pleased to offer advice and assistance to stamp collectors.

E. T. Oakley, General Agent Sun Fire Office, Apartado No. 794, Mexico City, Central America, is willing to exchange Mexicans tamps old and current issues, low and high values, over one hundred varieties, for issues of other countries.

BACK NUMBERS OF "OVERSEAS."—Miss C. L. Brent, Horsham, Victoria, Australia. "I should be very grateful if any Members could forward me Nos. 2, 3, 5, 12, 13 of the magazine."

Miss F. Campbell, c o G.P.O., Cawnpore, India.—"I wonder if any Members could let me have the following Nos. of 'Overseas,' to complete my collection. Nos. 1 to 8, 12 to 14, and 20, 32, 33, 34, 39, 41 and 42, in exchange for the following numbers of 'Overseas,' 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31, or Indian views or post-cards."

Capt. G. R. Devenish, The Turf Club, Cairo, Egypt, "would be very glad to receive from Nos. 1—41 of 'Overseas,' 1919, and back numbers from January, 1916, to December, 1918. Owing to having been on active service, I have missed getting these copies, and I am very anxious to get the whole issues."

Dr. J. M. Warren, Marton, New Zealand.—"I still want Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 27 of the magazine, and am willing to pay for them if you can secure them for me."

W. F. Wilson, Box 1179, Honolulu, "begs to thank Members who sent him copy of 'Overseas' for July, 1918."

Murray Dick, Box 58, Nigel, Transvaal, South Africa.—"I would be pleased if any of my fellow-members who possess duplicates could supply me with the Nos. 2, 3, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 38 of the 'Overseas' magazine. I do not mind paying for same, as I am desirous of getting these back numbers, and intend to have same bound. I would like to communicate with any Member either in Canada or New Zealand."

A. E. Danks, Casilla No. 749, Antofagasta, Chile, South America. "Could any Member send me a copy of the magazine, Nos. 38 and 39?"

The Hard Case of a Man who Joined Up.

[If the following story is a true one and we have no reason to doubt its authenticity—and we give the letter as it reached us—it is one which must make us all ashamed of a policy which results in sending a returned soldier to a foreign land for the means of keeping body and soul together. Here is a chance for some of our South African friends to live up to the third clause of our Creed.—Editor.]

The Hard Case of a Man who Joined Up.

I WAS born and bred on a farm in the Old Country, but as a youngster I had a love of travel. When the South African War broke out men were wanted, and I joined up. One of the recruiting conditions was that men wishing to settle in South Africa would be given farms there. This clause was cancelled later. After eighteen months in the field, on the conclusion of hostilities, I was sent to Swaziland for Police duties. In 1909 I left the Police and applied for a lot of land for the purpose of settling. My application was accepted, but, in the meantime, another bought up the ground in question, and my application was thrown on one side.

Next I opened a general business in Mbabane. When the recent war broke out I was doing well and subscribed freely to the various war funds. But in 1915 the cry was all for men. I sold my business, paid my passage to England, and joined the 1st K.E.H. for the duration. I got back here in October last and found that men who had stayed at home and made huge profits had got land from the Government during the war, and the majority of these men had not been more than a couple of years in South Africa.

Returned soldiers must be satisfied with any sort of a job, but there is no land left except a small piece which happens to be too unhealthy for the " gallant " men who stopped at home, but good enough for the ex-soldier.

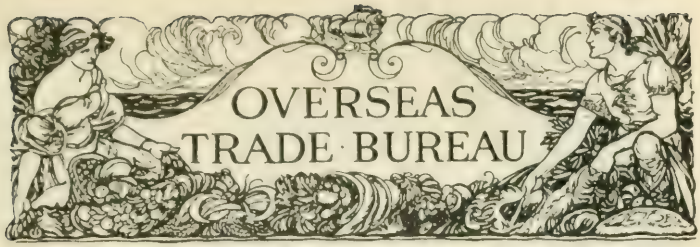
I had four more brothers in this war. One with the Americans, one in the 1st Wilts., one with the Australians, and one who went down with the ill-fated *Monmouth*. My American brother advises me to go out to him, and promises to fix me up in business. I have no option but to go as there is nothing but starvation to be expected here—I am getting on in years and will be looked down upon and get the cold shoulder as a " poor white " by those men who stopped at home and made their fortunes.

As a farmer I may be useless, and our Government wants experienced men, but for my business capabilities I enclose a letter from one of the firms I dealt with and who kept in touch with me while I was in France, which will show you my reputation.

I am writing this to give you an idea of the general feeling of returned soldiers to this country.

J. MORGAN.

Mbabane, Swaziland,
South Africa.



[The Object of the Overseas Trade Bureau is to develop British Empire Trade. The free service of this Department is at the disposal of Members, and genuine Trade enquiries are welcomed. A number of the enquiries we have received during the past month are printed below. Any Member wishing to be supplied with the information for which any enquirer asks should write direct to the Manager of the Overseas Trade Bureau.—Editor.]

Overseas Trade Bureau.

SOUTH AMERICAN MARKETS.—"Now is the time for British manufacturers to get a good footing in Chile, and I should like to represent some firms in order to help them to do so. Could you put me in touch with manufacturers of wax candles, biscuits, cocoa, combs, cottons, brushes, paints, etc.? I am very well known in Chile."—Enquiry 903, Rancagua, Chile, South America.

MALTA.—Malta agents are anxious to represent some British manufacturers of the following articles: boots and shoes, cloth for men's and ladies' clothings, woollen, cotton, silk and linen piece goods, men's shirts, collars and cuffs, ties, braces, handkerchiefs, velvet, sewing cotton, combs and leather goods."—Enquiry 904, Malta.

CHINA.—"Would you put us in touch with some home firms which require representation in China and which handle piece goods, hardware, dyes and carbon black, fire insurance?"—Enquiry 863, Hankow, China.

GRECIAN MARKETS.—"I have to inform you that there is no optician in Patras; all eye-glasses, spectacles, etc., are sold by a dealer in all kinds of lamp materials. He has been established here for over twenty years, and would like to get into touch with British firms. We would point out that for any dealings with Patras, British houses must quote c.i.f. Patras."—Enquiry 889, Patras, Greece.

SCANDINAVIAN TRADE.—"I made a visit to Scandinavia recently for the purpose of studying the field, so that I could push British manufactures there. We are anxious to secure agencies for the following goods: Ready-made clothes, overcoats (stylish cuts), leather jerkins, collars, shirts, bowler and straw hats, sports goods."—Enquiry 855, London Wall, E.C. 2.

TORTOISE-SHELL.—"We wish to buy rough or unworked tortoise-shell."—Enquiry 852, Italy.

BRITISH FIRMS AND AMERICAN ADVERTISING.—"I would like to get into touch with some British firms needing a responsible agent with which to place their American advertising. I am connected with one of the best and largest advertising firms in New York."—Enquiry 853, New York City, U.S.A.

"I should like to be put in touch with wholesale importers of rugs, silks and other fabrics from France, China, Japan and India. I also want to buy hand-woven native materials from out of the way places in the world."—Enquiry 1872, London, W.

Overseas Trade Bureau.

SOUVENIR MUGS. "We wish to get into touch with a firm which manufactures souvenir mugs for presentation among the children of Taltal at their peace celebrations. I am enclosing herewith a sum which I think will cover the amount."—Enquiry 856, Taltal, Chile.

CHEMICAL FIRMS.—"I have entered into partnership with a chemical firm in this town, and wish to get into touch with English chemical manufacturers who would be willing to entrust us with their exclusive agency for France."—Enquiry 907, Marseilles.

MALTESE LACE.—"I wish to get into touch with a firm in London which would like to trade in Maltese lace."—Enquiry 908, Malta.

HOSIERY.—"I shall feel greatly obliged if you could put me in touch with any firm dealing in hosiery, and ask them to send me catalogues and price lists."—Enquiry 909, Alexandria.

PEDIGREE LIVE STOCK.—"Could you put me in touch with any one who could give me any information of openings for pedigree live stock in Brazil, as I am shortly going there?"—Enquiry 837, London, W.

FISH.—"I am anxious to get into touch with English firms willing to export to Tunis herrings, salmon, etc."—Enquiry 843, Tunis, Africa.

NEW ZEALAND.—"Having had a large experience in Colonial buying and selling for many years, I am writing to ask if you can put me in touch with some firms who are desirous of representation in New Zealand."—Enquiry 844, Wellington, N.Z.

ROTTERDAM.—"I am anxious to get into touch with manufacturers dealing in cigarettes and tobacco wishing to export to Rotterdam."—Enquiry 845, Rotterdam, Netherlands.

AFRICA.—"We should be happy to represent some British firms in Algiers and Morocco. Can you put us in touch with firms which deal in the following articles:—Drapery and textiles, hardware, jewellery?"—Enquiry 846, Algiers, Africa.

CANNED PROVISIONS, TABLE DELICACIES, ETC.—"Can you put us in touch with any home firms interested in the export of the following articles to this market:—Cotton goods, hardware, crockery, canned provisions, table delicacies, waterproof coats, clothing, and underwear?"—Enquiry 847, Tonga.

ALEXANDRIA.—"I am anxious to get in touch with manufacturers of lace, silks, etc., who may be interested in Egyptian trade and the Near East."—Enquiry 848, Alexandria.

AUSTRALIA.—"I wish to get into touch with a firm desiring a representative in Australia."—Enquiry 826, Victoria, Australia.

EASTERN TRADE.—"We are anxious to get into touch with a reliable manufacturing stationer in England. We manage a considerable establishment. All quotations should be made c.i.f. Patras."—Enquiry 827, Patras, Greece.

OLD BONES, BRASS, ETC.—"I wish to be put in communication with buyers of old bones, brass, bronze, lead, rugs."—Enquiry 910, Malta.

MOROCCO AND GREECE.—"Member recently demobilised, desires to get into touch with agents in Morocco and Greece for reciprocal business. Articles of interest for import here are: dried fruits, hemps and fibres, gums, waxes, spices, vegetable oils."—Enquiry 912, London, E.C. 2.

PURCHASING OR SELLING AGENT.—"I act as purchasing and selling agent for British firms, and would be glad to get into touch with any members desirous of extending their business in this part of Spain and Gibraltar."—Enquiry 890, Gibraltar.

(*Continued on p. 102.*)

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

Members are invited to correspond with one another.

The Overseas Forum.

HE GENTLE WILLY WILLY."—Rather backward with a few membership subscriptions, but will do my best to run them at "sea," not having struck them ashore, and as I will be at sea in my pearling lugger for three months there is a possibility of meeting them on their boats.

Of course, in fine weather, we spread along some 500 miles of coast line. But when the gentle willy willy blows local name for cyclones then we get hunted into the nearest creek for shelter, and have a chance to meet. Charles C. Manners, Broome, West Australia.

[*The writer lives in one of the most remote parts of the world.*]

IN PRAISE OF THE MIDLAND KARROO.—In the October number of "Overseas" there appears a short article on "Life in the Karroo," which I do not feel gives full justice to the life and people there. The Midland Karroo is essentially a farming area, and is recognised as one of the best in Southern Africa, if not in the world, from a stock-raising point of view. Certainly the best Angora goats and ostriches in the world are bred in this area, while the cattle and sheep have of late been improved to such an extent through the importation of stock from other countries that they, too, are now well able to hold their own with any in the world.

To give an illustration of the progressive nature of farming affairs, I might mention that prices paid for stock bred in this area are enormous. £5,000 for Friesland bulls is not unheard of, while a friend of mine recently sold a cow for £3,000 and another a merino ram for £1,400. The wool produced is of such a good quality that it is at present fetching wonderful prices, up to 5s. per pound unwashed.

The soil of the Midland Karroo is extremely fertile, but the drawback is the scarcity of water for irrigation. Nevertheless wonders are done with the more hardy crops, such as lucerne and certain grasses. The rainfall is not a big one, but the natural herbage is so hardy that it responds to every little shower.

The farmers as a whole are very energetic and hard working, and yet manage to keep themselves fairly cleanly clad and shave certainly far more often than once a week.

I hope my song of praise of the Midland Karroo will be of interest to some readers, and that the time is not far distant when our Government will be able to offer facilities to many thousand immigrants who would wish to take up farming.—R. Luscombe, "Newlands," Graaff Reinet, C.P., South Africa.

SMITHERS, B.C., AND ITS PROBLEMS.—We have been living in Smithers just over a year, the entire Government staff having been transferred from the old, almost historic town of Hazelton. This is a divisional point on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and although started some six years ago, the town is in a very crude condition. We number about 400 in population, and others would reside here if there were house room. Of houses there are none as you know them, only shells and shacks or cabins. Rents are exorbitant, with no conveniences. Settlement in the surrounding country this last year has been wonderful. Of

The Overseas Forum.

course many returned soldiers. I think this section of the country has passed through the worst of its labour troubles, but wages are very high, *salaries* very low, all commodities having been recently revised. We are very busy, too, in trying to improve and build up our little town, which is unincorporated, but run along on a "Citizens' Association," which of course has no legal status and is therefore hard to handle.—S. H. Hoskins, Government Agent's Office, Smithers, B.C., Canada.

"THE LAST PLACE EVER MADE, AND NEVER COMPLETED."—At present I am on the rather unpleasant job, together with two other troopers, of forming a cordon round a small-pox outbreak among the natives at Shabani, the last place ever made, and never completed. We have a crowd of native police posted round the infected area of which we are in charge. We also have to inoculate a lot of them, which is not a very pleasant job. It is one of the hottest parts of South Rhodesia, I believe, which is annoying, as we had to leave our horses behind, and so have to foot-slog. The flies are murderous and water a big problem. However, all in a life-time, I suppose, and none of us have caught the small-pox yet. We are such a long way from civilisation, though the nearest railway (a branch line) is only about 70 miles away as the crow flies. One could do with an aeroplane here, which often makes me wonder why I gave up flying for this job.—Trooper F. C. Edney-Hayter, c/o B.S.A.P. (Mounted Branch), Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia.

"OVERSEAS" FRONTISPIECES FRAMED.—I see that a suggestion is made for adopting your lovely little coloured frontispieces for framing. But I must tell you that we have already had four of them nicely mounted and framed, and they are hanging in our bedroom where they are a daily joy to us.—Miss A. L. Howarth, 80, Park Drive, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

[*I wonder if any Member has framed every frontispiece which has appeared in "Overseas" so far?*]

THE FUTURE OF B.W.I.—In the July number of "Overseas" an article appeared by Mr. Murray on the "Future of the British West Indies." Mr. Murray has done well in drawing the attention of the Mother Country to the comments in a leading Boston newspaper to the effect that Jamaica's presence under the British flag "was a political anomaly," "a foreign intrusion in a Yankee lake," and that it was only a question of time before it would pass under the Stars and Stripes. Has the Empire lost sight of the fact that unless it comes to the front and to the rescue of its valuable West Indian possessions they will gradually slip away from its control and become the property of another nation? Would the Empire leave it to another power to demonstrate to it that they could do what the British Empire could not accomplish, namely, to develop these islands and make them a paying proposition. If these islands are good enough for, and would be a paying proposition for, another nation, they should be for the British Empire, too.—Aubrey C. Dumetz, 391, Cumberland Street, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

NOAH'S ARK AND THE PYRAMIDS.—I am much interested in the article on "The Pyramids of Gizeh," by Colonel Green. Would he, I wonder, treat with scorn the idea which came to my mind some years ago, that the great pyramid of Cheops was built after the plan of Noah's Ark? I had been reading about the system of ventilation throughout which I suggested might be intended as a place of refuge in a time of emergency such as a flood, for instance, for human beings and animals besides being a store-house for measurements, archives and treasures of all kinds. Noah had Divine instructions as to the building of the wooden

ark, which took 120 years to complete. Who is to say it was not faithfully copied in stone by the great architects of those days ?—Mrs. A. M. Clark, 19, Adderley Street, Worcester, C.P., South Africa.

BELOW ZERO WEATHER.—We have had a month of winter below zero weather, and a foot of snow, but one night last week a Chinook wind came up. The snow is gone and it is sunny and warm again, and you should see the cattle after the green grass.—A. Bushby, P.O. Box 284, Gadsby, Alberta, Canada.

ON THE SHORES OF LAKE NYASA.—I am living in a very out-of-the-way part of the world now, about 150 miles up Lake Nyasa on the shores of the Lake, and I am the only Briton here, so I should like to correspond with other British Members of the Club anywhere in Africa, but principally with those who might be somewhere else on the Lake ; for my only chance of seeing British people is when a little steamer comes into Mtengula, and the passengers come ashore and have lunch or dinner with me ; or when elephant or other hunters come through. So I hope any English-speaking person travelling here will come and see me. I live in a most comfortable house, full of beautiful native curiosities. I would correspond with any one, too, who wished to know about the country, which is a most interesting one. I wonder more farmers don't come here to settle.—Miss S. Cramer, Mtengula, Fort Johnston, Nyasaland, S. Africa.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S MEMBERSHIP BIG PUSH.—The Prince had a splendid reception here—the boy life was in evidence in particular, especially among the poorer classes. They surrounded his carriage, and I am sure if permitted they would have drawn him through the streets.

We are making a campaign now in the island, and we hope to get quite a few new Members. We are approaching all the magistrates in the out-ports. Please send us about two hundred Membership Application Forms promptly.—C. R. Steer, 379-381, Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

LIFE NOT WORTH LIVING IN QUEENSLAND.—We are suffering now from drought, the water holes are drying up and cattle are getting bogged every day. We have had no rain since May, and the outlook is very gloomy. This country, Queensland, is one of the best in the world, absolutely ruined by mismanagement, and I am afraid though we are trying to organise towards getting some of our own side in the next election, we have an uphill fight to turn the votes of the labour men who are being bolstered up by the present Government, and getting everything they care to ask for. They ask for arbitration and get it, but unless the arbitration awards suit them, they refuse to abide by them, and so on; under present conditions life is really not worth living, and the majority of people who have a stake in the district are very sick of present conditions.—R. S. Alston, Sunnyside, Ingham, Queensland, Australia.

ON THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT.—We are living now in a bungalow in Gardilan Camp, on the banks of the river, opposite Astrar. This place is situated among the palm trees, but a walk of a mile inland along a very dusty road brings one quite out "into the blue," in fact we are on the fringe of the desert. There are no other ladies on this side of the river, and sometimes I am very lonely as this is a small camp, under native officers ; the nearest camp with white officers is 1½ miles away, and so I have to keep myself occupied by making my nice bungalow as dainty and comfortable as I can and by writing a good deal, and lately I have taken up fresh work as organist of the Garrison Church. My pen runs on, but I thought you might like to hear from a Member

ROLLS ROYCE

The World's Best Car

Extract from "THE TIMES,"
:: November 14th, 1919. ::

"THE Rolls-Royce ***still holds its supreme position.*** It is hard to say wherein the exact beauties of this car are to be found. Compare it on the road. ***The Rolls glides*** while its rivals roll along. Possibly, as an inspection of the chassis shows, the secret lies in the beautiful proportions of the various components and the magnificent workmanship put into it. ***The car is a thoroughbred from beginning to end.*** Its lines lend themselves to splendid bodywork, and, of course, the coachbuilders take a pride in building coachwork in keeping with the chassis. At the increased price, the Rolls-Royce is now the most expensive British-built chassis."

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in far-away Mesopotamia. Mrs. L. Mackinnon, c/o D.I.N.T., Head Quarters, Basra, Mesopotamia.

THOSE WHO HAVE HOBBIES.—Might I suggest that it would be of interest to those who have hobbies to know other Members who have the same, and this could be learned from the List of Members if an asterisk or some mark were placed at beginning of a name. I am a foreign and colonial stamp collector and dealer, and should my suggestion be thought of use, I should be glad if you would place my name as such. I am sure other collectors abroad would be glad to know who and where are any others.—Albert Savage, 8, Glendale Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

[*Members can make any personal announcement they like in our Membership List, but at the cost of 1/- for 12 words; maximum 60 words.*]

"HOW I RUN MY AMERICAN HOUSE."—*Our correspondent, Mrs. M. Gillingham, who sent us an interesting paper on "How I run my American House" for the October issue, sends another letter which further explains her remarks upon electrical labour-saving appliances. She says:—*

"There seems to be some confusion in regard to the use of electricity for two very different purposes, viz., heat and power. If anybody attempted to supply the heat for their kitchen from an ordinary electric light current, costing anywhere near the normal price, they certainly would get a bill from the electric company which would make a very big hole in their monthly income. It was, however, strongly recommended for the power necessary to run electric household appliances. The ratio of loss referred to in the notes in the conversion from coal to electric heat does not apply in the conversion to power.

"Putting aside altogether the question of money cost, as comparisons between the two countries naturally lead to many complications, we will confine ourselves to actual consumption of kilowatt hours. During the eight months, January 1st, 1919, to August 31st, 1919, I lighted four rooms and hall, and ran all my electric appliances for a total consumption for the eight months of 132 kilowatt hours. These figures speak for themselves. The actual cost of this current in England can be ascertained by multiplying 132 by the price of a kilowatt hour, probably a few pence. I think you will find that I lighted my apartment and ran all my electric appliances at a cost far below what many people spend for an inferior light and no power, who lighted their houses by gas or paraffin lamps."—Mrs. M. Gillingham, 235, Washington Avenue, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

These figures, for which we have to thank Mrs. Gillingham, should encourage us to make use of all the electric labour-saving appliances we can afford to install, and we hope their price will soon be brought within the means of the smaller householder.—E. Mills.

INCREASE SIZE OF OVERSEAS.—I would venture to suggest that the O.S. Magazine be made larger. At present it is diminutive, too unassuming, and therefore looks at first sight insignificant, whereas, containing as it does such excellent reading and pictures, I feel sure it would be received and regarded with more respect if made larger. I so like the coloured pictures of Old England, that I invariably cut them out and hang them in my bungalow.—Gilbert Jackson, Kota Bharu, Kelantan, Malay Peninsula.

[*We hope a little later on to increase the size of Overseas.*]

SPINELESS CACTUS.—Herewith I enclose a couple of snaps for our magazine. You will be able to see what I am reading in the one as it

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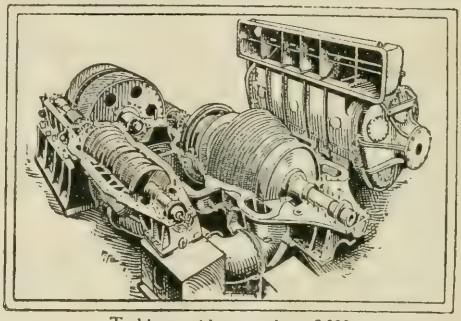

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Ipswich.		**Weybridge.**

has come out very clearly (see photo facing p. 60), and the other is "yours truly" with one of our stud "Wanganella" rams. The first was taken in the orchard, and the large-leaved plants just behind are the Burbank's spineless cactus, a most prolific grower, and a splendid feed when cut up for stock in dry times. Fowls are fond of it also, and pick at it as it stands. The flower is something like a thistle, only flatter, and is of a yellowish-white tinge. The fruit is of an oblong shape, but is rather watery, and not so nice as the natural prickly pear which grows on the small hills and "kapps" round about.

We have a number of fruit trees in the orchard, consisting of peaches 20, plum 12, apple 18, apricot 9, nectarine 5, pears 18, quince 2—84 in all, and a lot of vines, about 40 bushes, and three rows of fencing supporting others. We have numerous insects and fungi to contend with out here; codlin moth, woolly aphis, peach fly, etc. Spraying is the best for these pests, but one does not seem to get time to do it properly, especially when one is short-handed—other work seems to be cropping up continually.

We grow our own rams, and find the type very good, and have a very nice flock all round. I reckon, when the weeds are sorted out, they will run some of our best breeders pretty close. Got through shearing some three weeks ago, and got quite a decent clip, twenty bales, and a fair price for same, which will help us considerably to keep things going—everything is very expensive still, and likely to keep so for some time, I think.

We are wanting rain again badly. We got a couple of decent showers some time ago, and thought we were going to get a continued fall, but it has kept off, and when it *does* look promising, a contrary wind springs up, and blows it to Kingdom Come. Couldn't you send us some from the Old Country by aeroplane?—H. G. Murray, "Erin Farm," Middleburg, C.P., S. Africa.

BRITONS IN THE CONGO.—Will you please send me particulars of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League. I am a Britisher and there are a few others scattered throughout this district, but I have not heard of any Member of your organisation being among them, and so would like to be the means, if possible, of commencing a Branch here. We need to stand together here.—T. Alfred Ellis, Bogore, District Itun, Congo Belge.

[*Perhaps some fellow Members will communicate with Mr. Ellis.*]

THIRTEEN YEARS A WANDERER.—Before I joined the Army, I wandered over Central and South America for thirteen years; and if I can reciprocate your kind efforts in this matter by furnishing information on any subject connected with the black-and-tan republics, I shall be very glad to do so.—W. H. Taylor, Bocas del Toro, Panama, Central America.

DARK BLUE RIBBON.—It is certainly no easy task to suggest colours one has red and white and blue in one's mind all the time. For a hat band, I would suggest a dark blue ribbon with O.S. badge in centre.—W. D. Ross, Eltham, New Zealand.

HOW TO START A BRANCH.—I would respectfully suggest as subjects for discussion in an early issue of "Overseas Magazine," or in leaflet form: (1) "The Best Way to get a Branch started," and (2) "How to make a Branch worth while." These are questions which I believe most Members have very vague ideas about, and consequently the good cause lags for want of a more efficient directing force.—A. E. Bennett, 312, Mount Pleasant Boulevard, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

[*My advice is, get 100 active Members who read "Overseas" and realise what we stand for before trying to start a Branch.*]

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The demand for British Board is keeping our Purfleet Mills busy. New Mills at Brombrough are shortly to be erected. This will considerably augment the :: supply of Paper Board. ::

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[The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the announcements published.—Editor.]

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

EX-OFFICER, R.A.S.C.—Public school and university education, seeks employment and is willing to go abroad. Speaks German and Russian and has had business, journalistic and horticultural experience. Has spent twelve years in the colonies.—*E. B. 875, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

FOR SALE.—Fruit growing, British Columbia, ten acres young trees. All planted. Two best commercial varieties. Full particulars and photographs can be seen at interview.—Apply Box B, *Over-Seas Club.*

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER.—A fully qualified electrical engineer with considerable practical, technical and commercial experience is open to accept a position at home or abroad, as engineer in charge or estimating engineer in some reliable firm. Excellent references. Fluent Spanish and German.—*E. B. 877, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MANAGER OF SHEEP FARM.—A Member, returned from Australia, to do war work, seeks post as manager or accountant on sheep, etc., station. Followed pastoral pursuits in Queensland, New South Wales, for thirty years. Would go to any part of the world. Good references.—*E. B. 880, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

AGRICULTURAL POSITION.—Ex-service man (36), unmarried, desires commercial post or agricultural appointment overseas. Wide administrative experience. Grain, manure and seed business; also thorough knowledge of practical farming. Highest credentials. Approximate commencing salary, £250.—*E. B. 881, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

EX-ARMY OFFICER.—Any Members of the Club who might be contemplating a world tour and would care to have a companion, I should be very pleased to accompany them. I have travelled extensively in the East, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the southern part of South America.—*E. B. 882, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

CARETAKER, ETC.—Checker, caretaker, etc., Scotsman, pensioner, married, two children, desires situation as checker, caretaker, lodge keeper, etc. Twenty-five years' overseas service.—*E. B. 883, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES IN SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.—Club Member, young designer and builder with several thousands capital, compelled to leave England for warmer latitude, would be glad to hear from fellow Members where housing accommodation is in demand, or other sound business opportunities offer. Highest references. Lived much abroad. Desirous of settling wherever best prospects offer.—*E. B. 884, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

COMMERCIAL POST.—Man of 30, experienced, good references, requires situation in commercial house abroad. Willing to undertake other work.—*E. B. 885, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

BUSINESS IN MEXICO.—A Club Member, shortly returning from Mexico, would be glad to learn of some business abroad requiring moderate capital to develop or extend same. Information as to its nature and prospects, the amount of capital required and the security—if any should also be indicated.—*E. B. 886, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SCHOOLS AND TUTORS.

Messrs. TRUMAN & KNIGHTLEY, Ltd., are in close touch with all the leading educational establishments in England for boys and girls, and are able to advise Colonial parents where to find early vacancies. Their knowledge of these establishments, to the majority of which they supply the teaching staffs, extends over 25 years, and they are thus in a position to give information and advice difficult to obtain :: :: :: elsewhere. :: :: ::

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OVERSEAS TRADE BUREAU—Concluded from p. 92.

Overseas Trade Bureau.

AGENTS WANTED.—"We are desirous of appointing sole commission agents for the sale of our various commercial products in Bulgaria, China, Colombia, Congo State, Corea, Ecuador, Egypt, Finland, Gibraltar, Greece, Guatemala, Guiana, Italy, Java, Madagascar, Malta, Manchuria, Mexico, Montenegro, New Guinea, Nigeria, Nova Scotia, Palestine, Panama, Persia, Philippine Islands, Poland, Rumania, Russia, Checho-Slovakia, Servia, Siberia, Sierra Leone, Tasmania, Tripoli, Tunis, Turkey, Ukrania, United States, Venezuela, West Indies, Yugo-Sloevia, Zanzibar. We should require as agents a firm of highest repute and standing, both financial and otherwise, in the respective territories, who could undertake our general agency for the whole of the products as follows : marine engines, railway rolling stock, steel products, small tools, machine tools, pneumatic tools, brass products, general."—Enquiry 911, Westminster, S.W.

SILK NOIL CLOTH.—"The London agents of a certain manufacturer state that they are manufacturing a new fabric which it is claimed will tend to lower the present high cost of men's clothing. The new cloth is made entirely of silk noil (or short fibres), and while superior in wearing properties to a pure worsted, it can be sold at the price of shoddy cloth, or one-fourth the price of the best wool fabrics. It is said to be strong and almost untearable, very suitable for hard wear and can be obtained in greys, browns and blacks. I do not know the name of the manufacturer, but should be grateful if you could find out for me and put me in touch with him."—Enquiry 854, B.C., Canada.

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GEORGE R.I.

If you are in sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army—and who to-day is not?—this Jubilee Appeal is your opportunity to express it in the most practical form. We ask you—whether you go to church or not—to send a donation this week for our Jubilee Fund. £500,000 is the minimum to be raised; a million pounds would not be too much. We are confident we shall not appeal in vain.

WHAT THE ARMY IS DOING.

The object of the Salvation Army is, and always has been, to make our Country a land "fit for heroes to live in." This can only be accomplished by eliminating distress, vice and crime. Every man and woman transformed into a law-abiding, self-respecting citizen is an asset towards the nation's increased production.

This is exactly what the Salvation Army is doing day by day. From the very dregs of humanity it is re-creating men. "Wherever there is a broken, hopeless man or woman," writes **Sir Rider Haggard,** "wherever there is an outrageous open offender, a persistent drunkard or drug-fiend a harlot, a poor girl in trouble, a bastard babe, doomed to neglect, misery or death, a starving stomach, a thief, a planner of iniquities, a would-be suicide, an ignorant, untaught, or tortured child, a doer of all that is ill, a dweller in the pit of despair, there, in peace or war, almost from pole to pole, is the Salvation Army, to comfort, to uplift, to feed the body and the spirit."

For over fifty years the Salvation Army has been doing its beneficent work with ever-growing success. And now the time has come for a great forward movement—*a grand Campaign against the forces of evil.* The Army must advance with giant strides. This Fund is to equip it for the fight.

WHAT THE MONEY IS FOR.

The Salvation Army has always lived a "hand to mouth" existence. There has never been the opportunity to set aside money for contingencies. The needs of the present have ever been so urgent that every penny contributed has had to be utilised immediately. The finances of the Army are conducted with the utmost economy.

We urgently appeal to everyone to help us to make this Jubilee Fund a success.

The money raised will be allocated as follows:—

Social Work - - -	**£195,000**	**War Memorial - -**	**£50,000**
Work Amongst Young People	**£75,000**	**General Maintenance -**	**£50,000**
Training of Officers- -	**£100,000**	**Work in Foreign Fields -**	**£100,000**

Your Contribution to the Jubilee Fund should be sent to General Booth, Salvation Army Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London, England.

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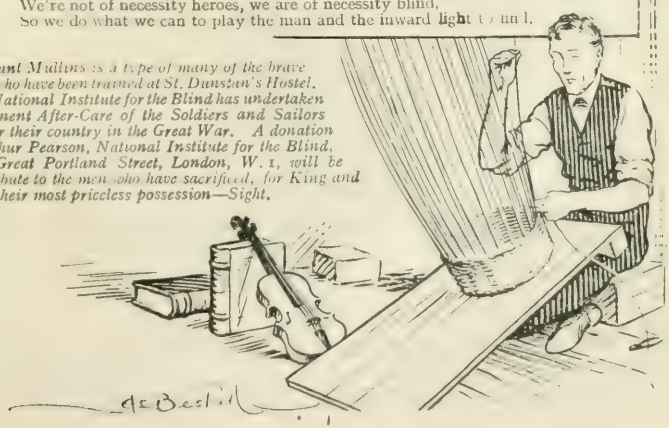
"I give to the Hon. Treasurer for the time being of the Organisation known as The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League in London, England, the sum of
pounds, to be paid free of Legacy Duty, to be applied to the purposes of the said Organisation. And I declare that the receipt of such Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge to my executors for such Legacy."

SERGEANT MULLINS.

By E. Le Breton Martin

I'm a pretty poor hand at a story. That stuff was never my line,
With a dog or a horse I was happy, for books I hadn't no time.
Quick with my hands in a quarrel, fond of a glass o' beer,
There are thousands of fellows like me, and now it seems so queer
To live in a world o' darkness, to use your ears as your eyes;
And yet—no man has a notion the things he can do if he tries.
Before I come to St. Dunstan's I was fairly down on my luck,
A bundle of groans and grouses, me, who was proud of my pluck!
What was the good o' livin'? Blinded, broken in mind,
Cried over by old ladies who thought they were good and kind!
Cried over! *Me!* Gorblimey!—I've got no tricks of speech!
What I wanted was someone to slang me, not whine, or coddle or preach.
And then I come to St. Dunstan's. I was taken to see the Chief,
And all of a sudden things altered, I drew a breath of relief,
Though of course I couldn't *see* him, the same as it means to you,
And yet the moment I heard him, well all of a sudden I knew
That here was the man for my money; I'll never forget that day,
It'll live in my mind for ever. He started straight away:
'Sit down there, Sergeant Mullins. Of course you know I'm blind,
"But all the same that doesn't mean much, as you are going to find.
"We've got no room for squealers, you're right up against it now,
"But don't be afraid, we'll teach you a trade and make you a man I vow!"
He was right. Just look at that basket! It hasn't got a flaw.
I can make a mat to be proud of, can use a chisel and saw.
I'm reading books with my fingers, I'm learning the fiddle as well,
And what I owe to St. Dunstan's no one can ever tell.
You call us blinded heroes! Well words don't cut no ice,
And if you will just allow me to give you a word of advice:
We're just the same as you are, except that our eyes are gone,
Living our lives as best we may, and anxious to carry on.
We've got no use for pity. It was just the luck of the game;
Eyes, or arms, or legs gone, in a way it's just the same.
We're not of necessity heroes, we are of necessity blind,
So we do what we can to play the man and the inward light to find.

Sergeant Mullins is a type of many of the brave men who have been trained at St. Dunstan's Hostel. The National Institute for the Blind has undertaken the permanent After-Care of the Soldiers and Sailors blinded for their country in the Great War. A donation to Sir Arthur Pearson, National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, will be YOUR tribute to the men who have sacrificed, for King and Country, their most priceless possession—Sight.



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Sickness, Wasting, and Violent Pain

London Lady's Illness that Baffled Treatment Soon Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Cross, 35, Brookdene Road, Plumstead, says:—"I was ill for a month with pneumonia, which left me terribly weak and dizzy, and with severe griping pain in my body, which nothing would relieve. I ate hardly anything, for I had no appetite, and naturally I wasted away till I was just a shadow. I felt very sick at times, and used to vomit, sometimes three times in a day. My complaint was said to be colic, and I had medicine for it, but instead of getting better I got worse. I looked awful by this time—pale as a sheet, and everybody thought I was dying. My husband was in France, and when he came home on leave he sat up with me, fearing I would die any minute.

"I was almost hopeless of recovery when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. But soon there was a change then. I began to eat better, and the terrible pain grew less and less till it was quite gone. Rapidly my health and strength came back, and now I feel like a new being, I am so well and active."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown **Kidney Trouble**
Nerve Paralysis **Indigestion**
Neuritis **Wasting Diseases**
Neurasthenia **Palpitation**
Sleeplessness **Vital Exhaustion**
Anæmia **Nervous Debility**

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

PRICES IN ENGLAND
1/3 and 8/-
the 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the World. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Free Information
as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester, England.

The Veterans' Association.

Patron: ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY, G.C.B., K.C.V.O.

£1,000,000

required for Demobilised Naval & Military Heroes.

1. To establish and endow the Veterans' Club as Permanent Headquarters with 1,000 Beds.
2. To establish a Convalescent Home in connection with the Scheme for those whose wounds or sickness necessitate treatment after returning to civil life, and for those who are incapacitated after many years' service with the Colours.

Contributions should be addressed to :—
THE SECRETARY, Veterans' Association,
47, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1,
England.

Y.M.C.A. RECREATION HUTS FOR BRITISH TROOPS OVERSEAS.

Sub-Committee :

President: H.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, C.I., G.B.E.

Hon. Secretary: LADY MALCOLM, M.B.E.

Hon. Treasurer: MR. BARNARD COWTAN.

Miss Lena Ashwell, O.B.E.
Countess of Bessborough, C.B.E.
Mrs. Bertram Corbet, O.B.E.
The Lady Elizabeth Dawson,
Miss Du Cane,
Mrs. Mackay Edgar, C.B.E.
Lady Henderson.
The Hon. Mrs. Walter Long.
Miss Moore (Y.W.C.A.).
Corisande, Lady Rodney, C.B.E.
Mrs. Lutley Sclater, C.B.E., R.R.C.
Mrs. Henry Webley.
Sir John Prescott Hewett, G.C.S.I., C.I.E., K.B.E.
John Rawlinson, Esq., K.C., M.P.
Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E. (of the Y.M.C.A.).

The Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Committee, of which Her Highness Princess Helena Victoria is President, and Lady Malcolm Hon. Secretary, are doing a most valuable work amongst the soldiers overseas. Since the commencement of the War, they have sent out more than 1,400 ladies, who have given their services voluntarily, to serve in the Huts in France, Germany, Belgium, Malta, Egypt, etc. These ladies have assisted by serving refreshments, organising games among the men, helping them with their letters, giving them sympathy and encouragement, teaching them languages, and in many ways ministering to the comfort of the soldiers. The work the Y.M.C.A. ladies have done in the Hostels for the relatives of sick and wounded in France has been of the greatest value, and still calls for sympathy and support in the Hospital centres.

A Special Appeal is made for Games of all kinds, and Gramophones and Records for the Troops.

VOLUNTARY LADY WORKERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Contributions will be gratefully received by the Committee, and all communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Recreation Huts Overseas, 10, Russell Square, W.C. 1.

Note.—Owing to the demobilization of the Troops generally, and particularly in France, it was considered advisable by the Committee of the Recreation Huts at the Base Camps in France, that their work should now be recognized as for the Recreation Huts for British Troops Overseas.

Farm Colony for Soldiers & Sailors Suffering from Tuberculosis.

(National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.)

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T., G.C.V.O., G.C.M.G.
Chairman of Council: Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, G.B.E., C.B., M.V.O.
Hon. Treasurer: The Rt. Hon. Lord Glenconner.
Hon. Secretary: J. J. Perkins, Esq., M.B., F.R.C.P.
Secretary: Miss Stickland.

EVERY CITIZEN - SOLDIER who in fighting for his country has lost his health, and thereby the means of self-support, becomes of necessity the care of the Nation.

The case of the Blind and Limbless is well in hand.

LET US THINK OF THE TUBERCULOUS.

THE FARM COLONY for Sailors and Soldiers aims at completing the cure of suitable patients from Hospitals and Sanatoria, helping them to work out their salvation under proper conditions, training those who require it in **some open-air, healthy occupation suited to their condition, especially fitting them for a life on the land,** that they may become once more self-supporting citizens.

IT IS ESTIMATED that **£50,000** will be needed for the Farm Colony. Donations will be gratefully received if sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **The Lord Glenconner, 20, Hanover Square, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.**

PRACTICAL HELP now means a new lease of life to a suffering ex-Service man.

The Merchant Service

Gets but little of the bounteous offerings sent home by Patriotic Britons Overseas for War Charities.

The "jugular vein of the Nation" and the "weaver of the web of Empire" badly wants help of this kind.

An urgent appeal is, therefore, made for contributions to

The Fryatt Memorial Fund.

Patrons:—Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, Admiral Sir David Beatty and others.

This Fund is doing excellent work in alleviating suffering and distress amongst Officers of the Merchant Service and their dependents, and maintaining and educating their children where necessitous circumstances exist. It is the only Fund of its kind in existence and is akin to the "Officers' Families Fund," which does such grand work for the Officers of the Navy and Army, but does not cover the Merchant Service.

So far the sum of £9,000 only has been raised. The result is that many demands on the Fund cannot be met.

Contributions will be most gratefully received by :—

HON. LIEUT. T. W. MOORE, M.B.E., R.N.R.,
Imperial Merchant Service Guild,
The Arcade, LIVERPOOL.

THE NATIONAL WAY

and the *most practical way* of finding permanent employment for the men broken in the War is at the

Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

TRY as one will to find a better way of securing permanent employment for our totally disabled Soldiers and Sailors, it resolves itself finally to this—that the man ***must work*** in the ***company of men similarly afflicted***, and he ***must work at a machine.*** We have tried every other plan and failed. We have tried the best machinery and found it the only way. We are buying more as fast as our Capital Fund increases. Just as modern machinery has solved the munition supply problem, so has machinery solved the problem of what to do for our broken men. Come and see the men at work. You will never help any other method afterwards. Ask the men themselves. They know. They work at our shops in comfort, sympathy and comradeship. They make good articles that sell at commercial prices, and they earn good wages by doing so. They have helped to break the German Army—now they are helping to break the German trade grip. The products of Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops are sold by leading retailers everywhere, and these merchants will tell you that the goods are capturing the trade heretofore held by the German. So by helping our Capital Fund you do many good things. Send a Cheque to-day. Insist on our products.

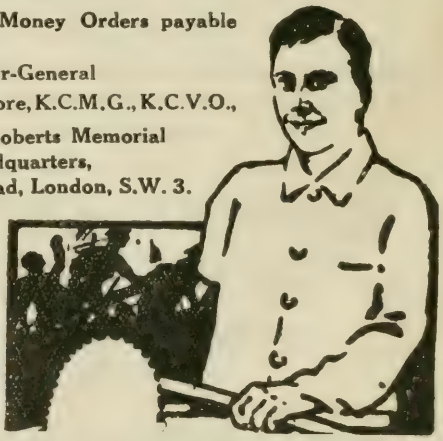
Make Cheques or Money Orders payable to the Chairman,

Major-General

The Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O.,

The Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters,

122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 3.



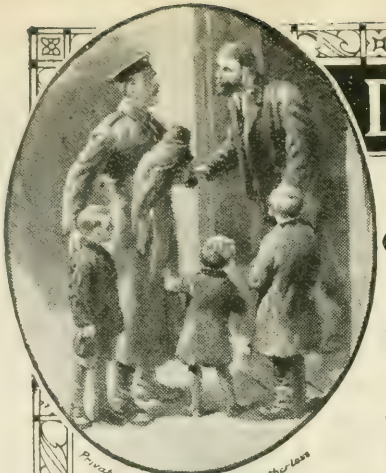
The Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.

[Registered under the Charities Act, 1916.]

The Rt. Hon. Sir Fredk. Milner, Bt., *Hon. Treas.*

Major Sir A. Tudor Craig, K.B.E., F.S.A., *Comptroller.*

Chas. Fredk. Higham, M.P. *Hon. Appeal Organiser.*



Private Robinson bringing his motherless children to Dr. Barnardo's Homes

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

7,000

CHILDREN NEED FOOD

IN THESE TIMES OF HIGH PRICES.

7,058 Children admitted since War broke out.

WILL YOU SEND THEM

10/-?

10,715 Barnardo Boys have fought for you.

WILL YOU SUPPORT ONE OF THEIR BROTHERS OR SISTERS FOR A WEEK?

Cheques & Orders payable "Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOOD BILL FUND" and crossed; and parcels of Blankets, Clothing, and Toys may be addressed to the Honorary Director:

WILLIAM BAKER, ESQ., M.A., LL.B.,
Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES,
18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.

Please mention "Over-Seas Club Monthly," February, 1920, when remitting.

Grants from Presidents of Regimental Institutes, etc., will be much appreciated.

Gratefully acknowledged to the Food Bill Fund:

£200 from "Miss H. R.," Bloemfontein.
£100 "From Ceylon."
£10 from 6th. Battn. L. N. Lancs. Regt. India.

CITIZENSHIP.

The TRAINED BOY of to-day is

A NATIONAL ASSET.

Nearly a quarter of a million members and ex-members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

(King's Royal Rifle Corps Cadets)

Have served in H.M. Forces in the Great War.

No less than 16 Victoria Crosses and over 400 other Distinctions

have been gained by members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

PATRIOTISM.

Will you help the Church Lads' Brigade to continue its great work for the Empire and the Religious, Moral, and Physical Welfare of "our men of a few years hence"?

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, The Rev. EDGAR ROGERS, M.A., Church Lads' Brigade, Aldwych House, Catherine Street, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

"Don't forget me when you are giving."

THE WORDS ARE OURS, BUT THE CRY IS THE CRY OF OUR CHILDREN.

EVERY charitable heart must have a tender spot for those little ones who, without someone's intervention, would be exposed to neglect and even cruelty.

Children are peculiarly susceptible to neglect—it hurts them as a heavy boot crushes a flower. Their capacity to suffer is as great as their capacity to enjoy, and is as easily excited. Betrayal of their unfailing trust in us leaves a deep and ugly wound. If we forget them, they bear no malice, but *they inevitably pay the price.*

So when you are giving, spare a portion of your gift for the children. Dip into your pocket NOW, and see if you cannot spare a trifle to help our large family of 3,300, rescued from suffering and sorrow. When you buy some personal comfort or household necessity, think of the children, and send a money order or a cheque to the Principal (Rev. W. Hodson Smith), NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME (founded by Dr. Stephenson), 104-122, City Road, London, E.C. 1.

General Treasurers: John R. Barlow, Esq., M.A., J.P., and Col. Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, Bart., C.B.E. It will assist us if you will please mention this paper.

SOULS AND CITIZENS.

During the feverish stress of munition-making it was recognised that, even as a producer, man is only at his best when treated as a sentient "human"; and to-day, the Welfare Department, with its trained Supervisor, is an established feature of all big, up-to-date factories, workshops and construction camps.

The Salvation Army is the accredited agency for looking after the worker in the

BY-WAYS OF INDUSTRY

and in the rough and tumble of life. Its Officers—big, warm-hearted, human Brothers—nurture the weak, counsel the strong, care for the ailing, fortify the tempted, and lift up the fallen. Its Women—patient, tender-hearted, human Sisters—penetrate into the people's homes, encouraging the women-folk, gladdening the children, brightening the fireside, and helping to banish sickness and worry.

The Salvationist believes that

EVERY CITIZEN IS A SOUL,

and, himself imbued with a keen civic sense, endeavours out of every Soul to train a Citizen. He looks after the "throw-outs" of the industrial machine, and labours to restore their usefulness. Back of all his social impulses is the conviction that, given free scope, the Grace of God can "break the power of cancelled sin and set the prisoner free."

Please send a gift to-day to General Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4, and help the Salvation Army in its world-wide crusade of regeneration and social uplift.

THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

STAR AND GARTER HOME

FOR

DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS

THE Star & Garter Home for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers, Richmond, England, has been established by the British Red Cross Society, under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, as a permanent memorial of the Great War. On the site of the old Star & Garter Hotel, of famous memory, a noble building is being erected, to accommodate about 160 men. In the meantime the Annexe of the Hotel was opened, in January, 1916, as a temporary Hospital for Sailors and Soldiers paralysed by wounds, since when nearly 200 patients have been admitted.

A Branch of the Star & Garter will also be founded at the seaside, to promote the health and welfare of the patients. The help of our kinsmen overseas towards the Building Fund will be warmly welcomed.

Address all subscriptions to:

THE SECRETARY, STAR & GARTER COMMITTEE,
83, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

Paralysed through the War.

THE first Anniversary of the Armistice has passed. The "Hospital Blue" which was so much to be seen twelve months ago is scarcely to be found in our streets, but hidden from general sight in Home and Hospital there is still many a brave man left stranded, a paralysed derelict of the war. Such men compel our sympathy. They cannot return to their old life and they deserve every comfort we can give them to ease the bitter fate of their sad condition.

THE ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF PARALYSED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1917),

makes an URGENT APPEAL in order to supplement the Compassion Funds of the Hospitals where they lie permanently disabled.

Money is specially needed to help towards the development of such powers as are left to them in LEARNING A TRADE so that they may not feel entirely useless.

PLEASE HELP TO MAKE THE NEW YEAR BRIGHTER

by sending a Donation without delay to

The Rev. HUGH B. CHAPMAN,

Founder,

The Royal Savoy Association,

7, Savoy Hill, London, W.C. 2.

BRITISH MADE

TIN FOIL

Highly polished foils, plain, printed, coloured or embossed, free from lead, for wrapping tobaccos, cigarettes, confectionery, food-stuffs, etc.

Also MANUFACTURERS OF VENESTA PLYWOOD AND CHAIR SEATS.

Venesta Ltd.
1. Great Tower St. EC.
London
England

Please mention "OVERSEAS" when writing to Advertisers.

Published by the Over-Seas Club, London. Printers: The Whitefriars Press, Ltd., Tonbridge.

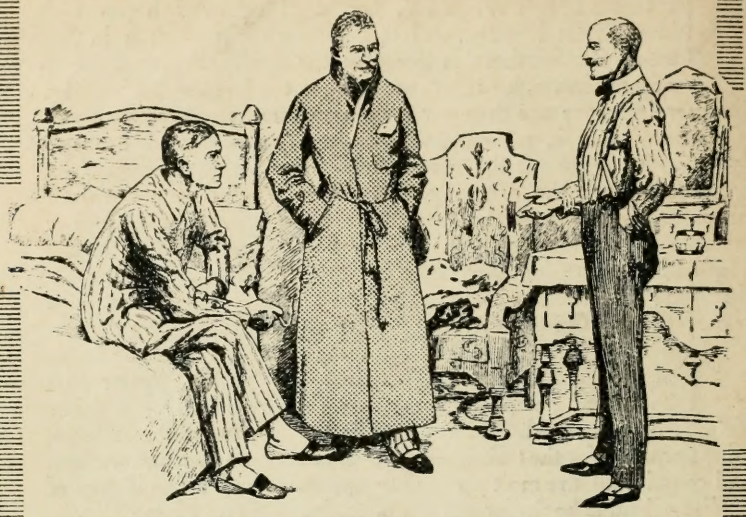
From Darkness to Light

NINETEEN TWENTY, herald of renewed hopes and ideals, is still young, and this year we can greet it in the true spirit, for there is peace in the land. In the midst of our rejoicings, however, we must not forget those whose lot is a more grievous one than our own, and amongst others we think of those who sit in perpetual darkness. You who read this and are able to enjoy all the wonders of the changing seasons, the treasures of art, the company of books—will appreciate the work of an establishment which is endeavouring to bring as many joys as possible within the grasp of the sightless. The activities of the National Institute for the Blind are too varied to be adequately described in so small a compass, but we would like to enumerate a few of them. One of the most important of the Institute's departments is that which is engaged in the production of books in embossed type. The Institute is responsible for the greater part of the books and pamphlets printed in Braille and Moon types in English in the world. Then there is the Massage Department, which provides for the training in that science of both men and women, and contains all the most up-to-date apparatus and a fine library of medico-scientific books for the use of students. The Home Teaching Branch supplies blind people in their own homes with visitors who also give instruction in Braille reading and writing. Then there is "Sunshine House"—a true home of sunshine for little blind babies—"The Cedars," a mansion which is to be devoted to the higher education of blind women and girls, as well as various convalescent homes for our blinded soldiers and sailors, to say nothing of the After-Care Branch which undertakes to look after these men for the whole of their lives. In addition, there is the After-Care Department which deals with the blind civilian population, also a hostel for blind women workers. Attention must also be called to the output of Braille music, and the manufacture and sale of games specially adapted to the use of the blind.

Lack of space prevents us mentioning more details of the work of the National Institute for the Blind, but we think that enough has been said to indicate the comprehensiveness of that work. Truly the Institute may be said to constitute a little world of its own—a world of countless activities, where many of the workers themselves are blind.

(*You* can help to bring light to those who are condemned to sit in darkness by sending a little contribution to

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND,
224-6-8, Great Portland Street,
London, W. 1).



Why "Viyella" Flannel

(Regd.)

Because it at once overcomes all the familiar objections to ordinary flannels. In wear it is delightfully comfortable, so soft that it will not irritate the most sensitive skin ; light in texture, yet so durable that it will stand the crudest methods of washing ; moreover it will not shrink unless boiled.

For climates where days are hot and nights cold, or where temperature rapidly changes, it is perfect, because unlike cotton fabrics it not only absorbs bodily moisture, but readily radiates it, thus keeping the skin in the healthiest condition and avoiding chills. "Viyella" Flannel is ABSOLUTELY BRITISH.

"Viyella" (Regd.) Shirts and Pyjamas

See that your next shirts and pyjamas are made of "Viyella," and you will never go back to ordinary flannels, linen, or cotton ; but ensure getting the genuine by seeing the detachable selvedge label on the fabric, or the name-tab inside the garment.

Your Outfitter stocks them or will make to measure.

If any difficulty in obtaining please write for address of nearest retailer to
WM. HOLLINS & CO., LTD. (Suppliers to Trade only)
:: Newgate Street, London, E.C., England. ::

DAY & NIGHT WEAR

(Registered Trade Mark.)